

VARIETY.

A
COLLECTION
OF
MISCELLANIES,
IN
VERSE AND PROSE.
WITH
ORIGINAL POETRY AND FUGITIVE PIECES.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

VOL II.

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VARIETY.

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A

COLLECTION OF MISCELLANIES,

IN

VERSE AND PROSE.

JULIET OF THE SHADE.

FAR in a solitary shade

An humble cottage stood ;
Before it bloom'd a flow'ry mead,
Behind a shelt'ring wood.

'Twas there, retir'd from crowds and noise,
Good Mervin came to live ;
To taste the pure, untainted joys,
That rural life can give.

V A R I E T Y.

For he, tho' gen'rous, just, and wise,
 Had felt the sharpest woe;
 And Fortune (who her smiles wou'd prize)
 Of late had prov'd his foe.

What he esteem'd the sweets of life,
 Relentless death had cross'd;
 First, in a lovely, gentle wife,
 His dearer self was lost.

An only son, his pride and joy,
 Whom ev'ry virtue crown'd;
 Sav'd from the deep an helpless boy,
 But he, alas! was drown'd.

As a young plant, beneath the storm,
 Declines, nay, almost dies;
 Till Phoebus bright restores its form,
 And bids new blossoms rise.

So Mervin droop'd, lamented, fear'd,
 For dreadful was his case;
 Till (like the sun) religion cheer'd,
 And charm'd his griefs to peace.

He then look'd round, amaz'd to see,
 For he no more complain'd,
 What numbers suffer'd more than he,
 His daughter still remain'd.

In her were all the charms combin'd
 That virtue cou'd impart;
 A faultless form—a taste refin'd,
 Nay, more—

Such



VARIETY.

Such Juliet was, whom Mervin brought,
 'To this sequester'd shade;
 'Twas here that he contentment fought,
 Here found that heavenly maid.

Not far from this obscure retreat
 Lorenzo's castle stood;
 Great was his wealth, rich his estate,
 'Twas join'd by Mervin's wood.

Lorenzo was a noble youth,
 And well deserv'd his store;
 Patron of genius—friend to truth,
 A father to the poor.

A tale of misery and woe
 Had pier'd his gen'rous heart;
 And with mercurial speed he flew,
 Some comfort to impart.

Juliet, with soft compassion fraught,
 Had heard of the distress;
 And, like Lorenzo, quickly sought
 The anguish to redress.

Thus, to alleviate poignant woe,
 First met this lovely pair;
 Surely that God ordain'd it so,
 Who virtue makes his care!

Such mental charms, devoid of art,
 As the sweet maid display'd,
 Soon in the youth's deserving heart,
 A deep impression made.

Lorenzo thus of peace was robb'd ;
 Not that he felt alone ;
 For Juliet's heart now softly throb'd,
 Responsive to his own.

Mervin, the morn in study spent,
 While Juliet was away ;
 At eve to meet his darling went,
 And chide her long delay.

Joyful his heart—serene his mind,
 When he the fair espy'd ;
 But great his wonder was to find,
 Lorenzo by her side.

Much greater was the youth's surprize
 The good man to behold ;
 " Mervin—Oh ! Heaven !" Lorenzo cries,
 " I'll now a tale unfold.

" For thee, in vain, I long have sought
 " To mitigate thy woe ;
 " I hop'd to have some comfort brought,
 " For much to thee I owe.

" Thou hadst a son, and one alone,
 " (Ah ! well thou now may'st weep)
 " To save my life, he lost his own,
 " In the devouring deep.

" But I will prove a son to thee,
 " 'Twill be my joy and pride ;
 " And to give real blifs to me,
 " Let Juliet be my bride.

" For

V A R I E T Y.

7

" For to adorn a splendid state
" Was form'd this charming fair ;
" Her virtue makes her truly great,
" To Hymen let's repair."

Mervin, with happiness elate,
Had strict attention paid ;
His heart, with gratitude replete,
This calm reflection made :

" Alas ! how blind are mortals all !
" 'Tis Heaven that's only wise ;
" And what we oft misfortunes call,
" Are blessings in disguise."

E. D.

THE
JOURNAL
OF
A WOMAN OF NO TASTE.

SUNDAY.

—AROSE pretty early—resolved to go to church with my family, but a little chagrined when I reflected, that Kitty's gown was very so, so—Tom's breeches wanted seating—Harry's coat much the worse for wear—Ned and Bill's shoes had been cobbled extremely, and were apt to run down at the heels.—However, ill health only should prevent our joining in public worship :—brushed them up as well as possible ; husband and self headed them to church ;—an excellent sermon from Doctor Harrison ;—the text—" Take no thought for the morrow," &c. —much comforted by it.—Dined on a shoulder of mutton and potatoes ;—good appetites, and thankful hearts.—At church again in the evening—Mrs. Dulcet to tea.—*Mem.* a most excellent woman, cheerful, pious and friendly.—

Two

V A R I E T Y.

Two hours slid away imperceptibly in pleasing chat, without detraction;—not always the case at country tea-tables:—Heard the young folks read, and to bed at ten.

MONDAY.

WAKED full of distressing thoughts:—the good sermon obliterated, or swallowed up by gnawing cares;—Kitty sixteen—no portion—full of sensibility—loves reading—has a taste for books—of a delicate frame, cannot labour as a household drudge—likes the needle—is ingenious and industrious; but no friend to put her in a way wherein her talents might turn to advantage.—Tom of age to go apprentice, but no money for a premium;—Harry wishing for school-books, which cannot be bought;—little Ned and Bill only anxious for bread, shoes, and stockings.—Threw aside these tormenting reflections a little;—breakfast—faces all cheerful, but my poor man's—sat down to mending old linen till one o'clock;—dined on cold mutton—walked out with my daughter.—*Mem.* The spring unfolds its beauties with equal benevolence to all; and the pure snow-drop courts the hand of indigence with as much complacency as that of the minions of Fortune.—Drank tea.—*Quare,* Is not that an unwarrant-

able indulgence? But we have often short dinners—our small-beer is indeed small;—thus do we always find excuses for our favourite gratifications!—At the needle till night—eat a crust of bread, and to bed.

TUESDAY.

AROSE at six,—called the *poor* maid—(the servant of such poor people is entitled to that epithet);—set her to washing the linen (not an immense quantity) while Kitty and self bustled in the other household matters;—breakfasted—the children at school;—the butcher brought in his bill, *viz.* a quarter's, amounting to 5*l.* 10*s.*—told I would give it to Mr. Johnston;—he looked furly;—desired him to send a neck of mutton;—he believed he had not one—might have a breast—however a neck was sent;—had broth for dinner:—Mrs. Dulcet sent for us to tea;—Johnston, self, and Kitty went—forgot, as usual, in her sweet society the cares that weighed me down;—she too has been a disciple in the school of adversity; her heart is meliorated, without losing its cheerfulness;—nor will she allow of sorrow but for guilt, or the death of friends.—Supped with her—grieved at the report that prevails, of one of the royal family being dead, and a general mourning.

ing.—*Mem.* Hard upon us to be obliged to get mourning, and yet it cannot be dispensed with in my husband's situation. Johnston (who sometimes extracts a jest from his own poverty) said, it would be a good scheme to get the hatter to immerse us in his dye-kettle just as we were; at which we laughed;—supped there—came home late—the children all asleep, and so closes Tuesday.

WEDNESDAY.

A FINE morning to dry our poor linen:—breakfasted as usual.—This morning's post brought a letter from my uncle Stapleford;—presses for one year's interest for the loan of fifty pounds (five years since), which if he has not in a week, he says, he will seize for the principal.—*Mem.* He is worth twenty thousand pounds, has no family, has had five per cent. punctually paid for the said five years.—I am his next heir, but shall, most probably wade to the end of my difficulties, and drop into the grave before him;—must write a supplicating letter for forbearance, for I am sure we cannot pay immediately;—at a loss for a dinner—heard sprats cried—bought enough for seven-pence to dine us all;—told Kitty I would speak the next day to Mrs. Keen for some plain work for her

to do ;—importuned by a poor beggar (with many tears) for a dry crust—swept with her—gave her a slice from the loaf, and the remaining sprats :—the boys will come home hungry, but there is cheese—tea will supply my supper. My poor Johnston came home much dejected—Stitch the tailor, to whom he owes seven pounds, had insulted him at a public-house ;—desired him not to mind it—put him in remembrance that on Friday he would receive twenty pounds ; but then there is the butcher's bill ;—would not remind him of that then ;—a melancholy evening—to bed at eleven, after talking over all our embarrassments, to which appeared no end.

THURSDAY.

AROSE, I trust, in no ill frame of mind—our habitation gloriously illumined by the rising sun ;—poured out my heart to that great Being of whom the sun (powerful as it is) can give us but a faint idea ;—thankful that we wanted not a meal, which, though scanty, thousands wanted ;—breakfasted—ironed our linen—afraid to send to Haunch's for a joint of meat ;—at last took courage, procured a piece of beef, which, with the addition of a pudding, will furnish out to-morrow's dinner :—in the afternoon dressed a little, and waited on Mrs. Keen—coldly received ;

ceived; asked her for work for Kitty; she is surprized I let the girl wear her hair so high—wonders now she is so old I do not do without a servant; thinks we might get Tom out without much money;—many London tradesmen would be glad of such a lad;—he might be an errand-boy at first indeed; but as he can write so well, and so forth, he would get higher;—Johnston himself, she thought, might teach the little ones, and save their schooling;—and he will have time enough perhaps soon, as she hears there is a new regulation in his office, by which means his duty will be less, and consequently his appointment reduced. This news, and her insults, melted me into tears;—she asked me to tea, of which I accepted, not being willing to distress my dear ones by returning with a crying face;—wiped away my tears, and received from her a dozen of shirts for my daughter to make.——*Mem.* This woman was my mother's servant; but had married a man, who had made his way in the world in the same manner she had chalked out for Tom, and left her rich;—supped with some degree of cheerfulness, and retired to rest.

FRIDAY.

SLEPT late—agreeable dreams;—ought I to murmur if a serene night succeeds a sorrowful day?

day?—Poor Johnston received his pittance—in a thousand straights how to apply it in the best manner:—at last paid Haunch's whole account—half Stitch's bill—poor Susan's year's wages, no less than three pounds;—half a year's rent, amounting to four ditto;—several small accounts with the grocer, &c. &c.—No money to come for many months;—wrote to Mr. Stapleford—must squeeze out a trifle for necessary odd matters;—the children must have shoes, and I have not a decent apron to tie on;—my green gown must be turned; and perhaps Kitty's striped may bear it too; but that we can do ourselves. For dinner, cold beef and hot potatoes;—bought myself an apron, Kitty a hat, and the boys each a pair of shoes; drank tea with Mrs. Slator, who shewed me many things which I truly wanted; but I will not contract debts without some prospect of payment—treated ourselves this evening with a basin of small punch;—forgot our cares—retired late, and slept soundly.

SATURDAY.

WAKED Kitty betimes, to sit close to her needle. Whilst we were sitting cheerfully at breakfast, comes a letter from Mrs. Collins in London, to whom my husband was bound for a hundred pounds for his cousin and friend,
Bristow,

Bristow, giving us to understand that Bristow was gone off, and if he, Mr. Collins, had not the money immediately, He would bring an execution into the house;—overwhelmed with this intelligence, and the more so, as I had persuaded my poor man to be engaged from a grateful motive, as Bristow was the means of procuring him his present establishment;—burst into tears. Mr. Stapleford will be exasperated beyond measure;—desired Mr. Johnston to take an account of every thing—give them all—and let us croud into a garret, and live upon bread and water.—But see the ways of Providence!—before I had done speaking, comes a special messenger from my uncle's house, with the news of his death, and that he had left me every thing:—Mr. Johnston set out immediately—dined luxuriously with my children, though not on dainties;—our gratifications were of the mental kind.—Mrs. Dulcet congratulated us with heart-felt joy;—Mrs. Keen likewise paid her compliments, and so great an alteration has taken place in a few hours, that Kitty is genteel, sensible, and well educated;—my boys are fine, promising children, and I have always been the best of managers, wives, and mothers;—such is the miraculous effect of money!—but I, from the bottom of my heart, I say—“Lord be with us, in all time of our wealth!”

INSCRIPTIONS ON A TOMB,

ERECTED BY MR. MILLAR,

ON

HAYDOWN HILL, NEAR ARUNDEL, IN SUSSEX;

INTENDED FOR THE

RECEPTION OF HIS BODY AFTER DEATH.

On the Top of the Tomb are the following:

1 COR. XV. 22.

FOR as in Adam all die, even so in Christ
shall all be made alive.

JOHN i. 17.

For the law was given by Moses, but grace
and truth came by Jesus Christ.

JOHN iii. 15.

That whosoever believeth in him, should not
perish, but have everlasting life.

ECCLES. iii. 22.

Wherefore I perceive, that there is nothing
better than that a man shall rejoice in his own
works;

VARIETY.

17

works; for that is his portion: for who shall bring him to see what shall be after him?

2 PETER i. 14.

Knowing, that shortly I must put off this my tabernacle, even as our Lord Jesus Christ hath shewed me.

On the East Side.

WHY should my fancy any one offend,
Whose good or ill on it does not depend?
'Tis at my own expence, except the land
(A gen'rous grant) on which my tomb doth stand.

This is the only spot that I have chose,
Wherein to make my lasting, long repose.
Here in the dust my body lieth down;
You'll say it is not consecrated ground!
I grant the same;—but tell me where we'll find

The spot that e'er can purify the mind;
Or to the body any lustre give?
This more depends on what a life we live.
When the last trumpet shall begin to sound,
'I will not avail, then, where the body's found.

THE

THE MORAL.

BLESSED are they, and only they,
 Who in the Lord, the Saviour die !
 Their bodies wait redemption's day,
 And sleep in peace, where'er they lie !

THE HIEROGLYPHIC OF DEATH AND TIME,
 WITH THE FOLLOWING LINES,

Are on the West Side.

DEATH ! why so fast ?—Pray, stop your hand,
 And let my glass run out its sand !
 But neither Death, nor Time, will stay,
 Let us improve the present day.

Why start you at that skeleton !
 'Tis your own picture which you shun,
 Alive it did resemble thee,
 And thou, when dead, like that shalt be.

ON THE
AUTHOR OF THE BALLAD
OF THE
CHILDREN IN THE WOOD.

LET others praise the martial song,
Which rushes as a flood,
And round the harp attentive throng,
Who honor deeds of blood:

Let me that humble bard revere,
Tho' artless be his theme,
Who snatch'd the tale to Pity dear;
From dark Oblivion's stream.

Say, little Mary, prattling maid,
(Whose wit thine age excels)
Beneath what holy yew-tree's shade,
Thy favourite author dwells?

Ah! not on Westminster's proud ground
The fond enquiry waste;
Go where the meek of heart are found,
The humble soul finds rest.

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Go where the meek of heart are found,
The humble soul finds rest.

Where

Where Walton's limpid streamlet flows,
On Norfolk's rich domain;
A gentle rising hillock shews,
The hamlet's straw-roof'd fane.

Hard by is seen a marble stone,
By many a winter worn;
Forgetfulness, around has thrown
The rude o'er-mantling thorn.

Within this lone, obscure retreat,
Fame says, the Bard is laid;
Oft have I seen the beaten path,
To greet the Poet's shade.

Fame, too, reports, that when the bier
Receiv'd the Poet's frame,
The neighb'ring hamlets hasten'd there,
And all the children came.

Attir'd in white, the infant band
Advanc'd in long array:
With rosemary leaves each little hand
O'erspread the mournful way:

Encircling now the Poet's tomb,
Thrice on his name they call,
And thrice into the hallow'd gloom,
Sweet show'rs of violets fall.

Compassion's priest! Oh! feeling Bard,
Who melt'ft the heart away!
Enduring praise shall still reward
Thy short and simple lay.

Those

Those shall thy praise be found among,
Whom Nature's touch has grac'd,
The warm of heart applaud thy song,
And all the pure of taste.

The child shall leave his jocund dance,
Suppress his frolic mood,
And bend to hear, in silent trance,
The Children in the Wood.

JERNINGHAM.

INTELLECTUAL POWERS

OF THE

AMERICAN INDIANS.

—TO form a just estimate of their genius, and mental powers, more facts are wanting, and great allowance is to be made for those circumstances of their situation, which call for a display of particular talents only.—This done, we shall probably find that they are formed, in mind as well as in body, on the same model with Europeans.

The

The principles of their society forbidding all compulsion, they are to be led to duty and to enterprize by personal influence and persuasion. Hence eloquence in council, bravery and address in war, become the foundations of all consequence with them. To these acquirements all their faculties are directed. Of their bravery and address in war we have multiplied proofs, because we have been the subjects on which they were exercised. Of their eminence in oratory we have fewer examples, because it is displayed chiefly in their own councils;—some, however, we have of very superior lustre. I may challenge the whole orations of Demosthenes and Cicero, and of any more eminent orator (if Europe has furnished more eminent), to produce a single passage superior to the speech of Logan, a Mingo chief, to Lord Dunmore, when governor of this state. And, as a testimony of their talents in this line, I beg leave to introduce it, first stating the incidents necessary for understanding it:—In the spring of the year 1774, a robbery and murder were committed on an inhabitant of the frontiers of Virginia, by two Indians of the Shawanee tribe.—The neighbouring Whites, according to their custom, undertook to punish this outrage in a summary way. Colonel Cresap, a man infamous for the many murders he had committed on those much-injured people, collected a party, and

and proceeded down the Kanhaway in quest of vengeance;—unfortunately a canoe of women and children, with one man only, was seen coming from the opposite shore, unarmed, and unsuspecting any hostile attack from the Whites. Cresap and his party concealed themselves on the bank of the river; and the moment the canoe reached the shore, singled out their objects, and, at one fire, killed every person in it. This happened to be the family of Logan, who had long been distinguished as a friend of the Whites. This unworthy return provoked his vengeance. He accordingly signalized himself in the war which ensued. In the autumn of the same year a decisive battle was fought at the mouth of the Great Kanhaway, between the collected forces of the Shawanees, Mingos, and Delawares, and a detachment of the Virginian militia. The Indians were defeated, and sued for peace; Logan, however, disdained to be seen among the suppliants. But, lest the sincerity of a treaty should be distrusted, from which so distinguished a chief abandoned himself, he sent, by a messenger, the following speech, to be delivered to Lord Dunmore:—

“ I appeal to any white man to say if ever
“ he entered Logan’s cabin hungry, and he gave
“ him not meat;—if ever he came cold, and
“ naked, and he cloathed him not. During
“ the

" the course of the last long and bloody war,
 " Logan remained idle in his cabin, an advo-
 " cate for peace. Such was my love for the
 " Whites, that my countrymen pointed as they
 " passed, and said—' Logan is the friend of
 " white men.'—I had even thought to have
 " lived with you, but for the injuries of one
 " man. Colonel Cresap, the last spring, in cold
 " blood and unprovoked, murdered all the re-
 " lations of Logan, not sparing even my women
 " and children.—There runs not a drop of
 " my blood in the veins of any living creature.
 " This called on me for revenge: I have sought
 " it;—I have killed many;—I have fully glut-
 " ted my vengeance. For my country, I re-
 " joice at the beams of peace:—But do not
 " harbour a thought that mine is the joy of fear.
 " —Logan never felt fear.—He will not turn
 " on his heel to save his life. Who is there to
 " mourn for Logan?—Not one."

The authenticity of this speech, which was
 published about ten years ago, is unquestion-
 able; and its merit is of the first lustre. There
 is no passage in Homer, or in any poet of a
 barbarous age, that can be brought into com-
 parison.

As to their sense of revealed religion, the
 following little anecdote will sufficiently explain

it :—When I once enquired of a pious Indian, who laboured to bring his country people to a sense of good, what ~~he~~ meant by the religion he wanted to promote, he answered in substance as follows :—“ My brother, I was made sensible my heart was hard and bad ;—under this sense I cried to God who made the heart :—the water ran some years down my eyes, till at last I felt my heart was changed, that it was become soft and good.—I thought myself raised, as it were, above the world ; that I was in such a disposition, that I loved every man, and would bear, without anger, any thing from any of my fellow-creatures, from a sense that any thing wrong in them, proceeded only from that same badness of heart I had too long groaned under.” This, the Indian said, was what he called Religion, and that he was concerned to exhort his brethren to seek the experience of

O glorious light of Revelation ! what heavenly effects are thine ?—Logan’s speech may indeed be justly admired as the sentiments of an hero ;—but the good old Indian’s, as the effusion of a Christian soul, which breathes the true spirit of the Gospel of Peace !

THE
LASCAR'S LAMENTATION.

O HEAR a wretched Lascar's cries!

Turn not thine eyes away;
Helpless, and shiv'ring here he lies,
To poverty a prey.

Forc'd from his native, peaceful home,
He wanders here forlorn;
Hungry and sad, oblig'd to roam,
From ev'ry comfort torn.

Ah! could I but once more behold
That soul which gave me life;
Within these arms once more enfold,
My lov'd, my long-lost wife!

The white-man then, with haughty air,
Might treat me with disdain;
But Yalpa freed from black despair,
No longer would complain.

On the cold stones I lay my head,
Oppress'd with want and pain,
The smallest gift to buy some bread
I ask—but ask in vain.

Didst

Didst thou but feel this parching thirst,
Know but one half my grief—
See my poor heart with anguish burst,
Couldst thou deny relief?

The Christian rolling in his wealth,
Possess'd of means to bless,
Enjoying happiness and health,
Thinks not of my distress.

Alas! I faint—my eyes grow dim—
I hasten to the grave!

Now, cruel Christian, pity him,
Thou hast refus'd to save.

What comfort, say, canst thou receive
When thy last hour is nigh?
Thou, cruel man, hast learnt to live,
But I have learnt to die!

While Yalpa here expiring lies,
Sweet comfort fills his mind;
His soul, ascending to the skies,
Leaves pain and grief behind.

Ye cheerless beams of light, adieu!
Pleas'd, I resign my breath;
My Zelia I again shall view,
Shall meet her after death.

But while on earth she's doom'd to stay,
Unseen I will attend;

Then bear her to the realms of day,
Where bliss shall never end.

REFLECTIONS

IN

A CHURCH-YARD.

RETIR'D from noise—from earth-born joys
retir'd,

In this retreat from pain—this place of rest;
Indulge, my soul, the pensive, pleasing thoughts,
This solemn scene inspires.—The spreading yew
On ev'ry side puts forth its friendly shade,
To guard those peaceful beds;—no passing foot
Disturbs their rest, or wakes them from repose.

Oh! let me often to this place repair,
And teach my soul to contemplate the end
Of human greatness!—Here the young and gay,
Disrob'd of beauty, and the winning smiles
That us'd to brighten up the lover's gaze,
No more are seen;—this is the last great goal
At which all stop, and drop the fruitless chase.
What numbers now, beneath this humble turf
Repose!—unconscious of the tender tear
That e'er them falls.—This tomb above the rest
Attracts the eye;—around its side I trace
The frequent footsteps of some sorrowing friend;
Perhaps

Perhaps—but let me read, itself will tell
 The moving tale.—“Retir’d from life’s gay
 “scenes,
 “From friends, from fortune, and a parent’s
 “arms,
 “Here rests (it says) a tender mother’s *all*;
 “A darling child—a widow’s only hopes
 “Were here united—and at once destroy’d.”—
 Pause here!—nor seek to check the rising sigh!
 Let fall the tear!—the sympathetic drops
 Are justly due!—
 Full eighteen summers had she daily watch’d
 This lovely plant, and seen the op’ning mind
 Hourly expand;—some new discover’d charm
 Seem’d ever budding—but, ye parents, speak,
 Ye only know—tell us what anxious cares;
 What sweetly pleasing joys—what hopes and
 fears;
 What fond solicitude;—what dear delight;
 Dwells in the mother’s breast:—What ardent
 pray’rs
 To heaven ascended, for her darling child?
 Kneeling, methinks I view her hands and eyes,
 (Eyes, in which tremble the maternal tear)
 In supplication rais’d;—Almighty Power!”
 (Did she not speak the sadly pleasing sounds,
 Or did or seem’d to pierce the attentive ear?)
 “Supremely wise, and only perfect God!
 “Thou look’st in mercy, and my heart re-
 veres

" The humbling stroke !—From all the ills of
 " life,
 " From these fond arms, the father of my
 " child,
 " My friend—my guide—the husband of my
 " youth,
 " My soul's lov'd partner, and her early choice,
 " Is gone (I trust) to reap the rich reward
 " Of purity and virtue.—
 " This pledge alone, remains of former joys ;
 " For her this breast with fond affection glows,
 " And all a mother's hopes and fears arise ;
 " Oh ! be her guard—her guide—her father—
 " friend ;
 " And when this tongue, that now entreats thy
 " aid
 " No more is heard ;—and when this anxious
 " heart
 " Shall cease to throb for her eternal peace ;
 " These eyes be closed in death ;—this suppliant
 " voice
 " No more to thee be rais'd ;—Oh ! be thou then
 " Her shield—her saviour—and her sure de-
 " fence !"—

Thy prayers are more than answer'd ; cease
 to weep ;
 Forbear to pour the unavailing tear ;
 The mother feels—but let the Christian bear,
 With pious fortitude, the heav'nly hand

Which

Which not in wrath, but love, dissolv'd those
bands

Which chain'd thy soul to earth :—'tis finish'd
now ;

The last sad stroke from which frail nature
shrinks

Is past ;—and let thy pensive, sorrowing soul,
Bow'd in submission to the will of Heaven,
Await that period, when the Prince of peace,
(Not king of terrors, save to guilty minds)
Shall bring the welcome summons from thy God,
And waft thee gently to the land of rest ;
There, re-united, never more to part,
In sweet succession joys will flow, unmixed
With any anxious doubts, or boding fears :
Unclouded prospects, then, will ever rise,
Gloriously bright, all peaceful, and serene !—

REFLECTIONS CONTINUED.

“ MANKIND was born to bear”—so sung the
bard ;

(He whom contending nations claim'd his birth,
Whose voice the muses tun'd—whose rapturous
breast

Heroic ardour fir'd, and deathless fame.—)

"Mankind was born to bear"—unerring
truth!

The mind assenting, owns the great decree,
And meets conviction in the varied scenes
Of human life, where numerous ills abound.

Look round on every hand, how thick the
buds
Of blighted joys are scatter'd?—Here and there,
(But, O how rare!) some are allowed to bloom,
And shed a short-liv'd fragrance;—then, at once,
Some cloud obscures the smiling face of day,
Some unforeseen calamity arrives,
Hope, cowardly retreating, leaves the heart
Unguarded;—whilst the opening blossom shrinks
From the bleak blast, and fading dies away,—

To sink these truths still deeper in the soul,
To give them the sad emphasis of woe,
A language that will speak to every heart,
And bid compassion pay her kindred tear.

O'er yonder grave, surrounded by his friends,
Bending beneath affliction's iron hand,
The good, the great, once bless'd Alonzo mourns:
An happy husband once;—Ah! name replete
With every joy the human heart can feel!
A father still:—O may that sacred claim
Restrain the tide of grief in reason's bounds!

Behold,

Behold, the sexton's unrelenting hand,
 With look unsoften'd, shuts the solemn scene;
 Clos'd is the grave—for ever clos'd those eyes,
 Which once beam'd forth intelligence and grace.
 The weeping friends reluctant tear away
 The silent mourner;—Dares the pitying muse,
 With tear-dew'd eye, intrude on private grief,
 And be a sorrowing witness of his woe.

But first—be every trivial care resign'd,
 Be every dissipated thought call'd home;
 Excursive Fancy, close thy restless flights,
 Be still, my soul—collected every power;
 Let me not enter this abode of grief
 With vacant looks, that speak the harden'd heart.

But see (if tears dim not the pitying eye)
 The afflicted father, with his infant train,
 Three beauteous prattlers;—(solemn is the scene,
 Grief has put on her most majestic form,
 An awful grace sits on her clouded brow)
 Great in his woe, and manly in his tears
 The father seems;—for sure the heart will feel
 Its every wound, tho'—"man is born to bear!"

Near him, a stranger to the ills of life,
 Hush'd to repose, an infant-sleeper lies.—
 A while he views, with fond paternal love,
 The placid charms of innocence and peace:
 Then thus—"Sweet babe! too dearly purchas'd!

" With a life—a life more lov'd, more valued
than my own :

" Welcome into a widowed father's arms,

" Who weeps thy loss, and in thy loss his own."

—A pause ensued.—Attention still as night
Hung on his words, and every lip was seal'd,
Whilst thus the husband and the father mourn'd.

" Has slumber then thy gentle eye-lids clos'd ?

" Oh ! happy state of innocence and peace !

" For me, who sink beneath the iron hand

" Of keen consuming sorrow ;—and can find

" No pause of grief—no interval of woe,

" How tedious does the joyless night appear ?

" The ling'ring hours move slow on leaden
" wings :

" Sleep on, sweet innocent !—in safety sleep ;

" A father's arms shall guard thee from all ill ;

" The time will come when thou may'st learn

" to weep,

" And mourn a loss coeval with thy birth."—

" Can I forget—(yet why should memory
" dwell

" On that sad scene which wakens every woe)

" The last, last shock, the final parting hour ?

" Compos'd, resign'd, prepar'd to meet that
" stroke,

" Prepar'd, if virtue can prepare the soul

" To meet undaunted, the grim tyrant's frown ;

" She

" She saw unshock'd—let me not say unmov'd,
" For, oh! her heart, by ev'ry bond of love,
" By ev'ry link of duty, and of choice,
" By ev'ry sacred feeling nature knows;
" By ev'ry soft engagement's tender claim;
" Was twisted with the fibres of my own.

" Her children too, and thou her last sweet
" care,
" So soon bereft of a fond mother's love,
" Claim'd from her bosom one reluctant sigh.

" I saw, amidst her pious hopes in heaven,
" The wife and mother felt the parting stroke;
" Think what a father and a husband felt
" At such a sight?—Sweet babe! my streaming
" tears

" Bedew thy cheek;—but thou must learn to
" weep,
" And bear with me thy partnership of sor-
" row.

" Now thou sleepest on unconscious of my grief;
" Nay, smil'st upon me;—beauteous innocence!
" Doubly endear'd by all thy mother's pains;
" By all those pains that angel sufferer bore;
" Wilt thou, with filial love, in future years,
" And every fond endearment strive to sooth
" A father's grief;—or pour the artless tear,
" When recollection of some tender proof

" OF

" Of my Emilia's love, or gentle worth,

" Awakes those sorrows that had slept before ?

" Then, whilst I dwell on the sad pleasing
" theme,

" And shew my children what their mother was;

" What mingled virtues, what engaging charms;

" What unaffected piety and truth;

" What sweetness, wisdom, tenderness and love,

" Beam'd from her eye, and liv'd in every look;

" What soft compassion for another's woes;

" What mild attention when, e'en vice, com-

" plain'd,

" And told the history of its just distress;

" Did she observe the crimson blush arise,

" And see the tear disorder'd wip'd away

" Unwilling to be seen;—her feeling heart,

" Glow'd with impatience to relieve their pain,

" And heal the wound of misery and guilt.

" But now, for ever torn, for ever fled

" From these fond arms;—why should my

" bleeding heart

" Throb o'er each charm;—think o'er each for-

" mer scene

" Of love and joy?—Why to my tear-dew'd eye

" Dost thou, fair form, arise?—is it thyself?

" Ah! no! it cannot be, else wouldst thou fly,

" With eager haste, to meet my fond embrace.

" And

“ And yet—thine eyes, methinks, are moist
 “ with tears,

“ And all the mother speaks in ev’ry glance :

“ I know their meaning ;—yes ! I can translate

“ Thy ev’ry look !—To yonder bright abodes

“ Of peace and joy, where no sad sorrow comes,

“ Thy lifted hand, and elevated eye

“ Wou’d teach me to ascend, to lead and guide

“ These smiling babes ;—(unconscious of their
 “ loss)

“ And yet thou leavest me !—Stay ! fair angel,

“ stay !

“ Yet hover round us !—let thy guardian care

“ Thro’ life conduct us ;—and to sooth its ills,

“ Its numerous ills—Oh ! cheer our drooping

“ souls

“ With smiles ineffable !—such heavenly smiles

“ As pitying angels shed o’er dying saints.”—

—Here sorrow paus’d ;—a bursting sigh re-
 liev’d

His burthen’d heart ;—in vain he strove to speak,
 Grief froze the faltering accents on his tongue.

The pitying muse the soft contagion caught :
 Her hand no more could teach the trembling
 strings

Their just vibrations—solemn, sad, and slow

The golden lyre was dropp’d ;—the pensive strain
 Remain’d unfinish’d ;—or was only told,

In the soft, graceful language of a tear.

Liverpool.

MARIA.

ON THE

MERITS OF CHRIST'S DEATH.

WHEN Faith presents our Saviour's death,
 And whispers—"This is thine,"
 Sweetly my rising hours advance,
 And peaceably decline.

While such my views the radiant sun
 Sheds a more sprightly ray,
 Each object smiles, all nature charms,
 I sing my cares away.

DESCRIPTION OF OUR SAVIOUR.

TO AGBUS, PRINCE OF EDESSA.

—NOT long since there appeared a man
 amongst us of great virtue, called Jesus Christ :
 the people received him as a Prophet, but his
 own disciples as the Son of God.—He raises
 the dead, and cures all sort of diseases ;—a man
 somewhat tall and comely, and of so reverend

a coun-

a countenance, as strikes the beholders with love and fear;—his hair of a chefnut colour full ripe, plain almost down to his ears, and then somewhat curled, and more orient, waving about his shoulders;—a seam parted his lovely tresses on the middle of his head, after the custom of the Nazarines;—his forehead very plain, and smooth;—his face without spot or wrinkle, beautiful, with a comely red;—his nose and mouth of a charming symmetry;—his beard not long, but somewhat forked in the midst, and of the same colour as the hair of his head;—his look very innocent and mature;—his eyes grey, clear and quick.

He is austere in reproving, but very winning, and courteous in admonition;—pleasant, and grave in conversation.——Many have seen him weep, but none remember to have seen him laugh.—His body straight, and of a just proportion;—his hands and arms were curious and delectable;—he was very temperate in speaking, modest and wise.——A man of singular beauty, surpassing the children of men.

THE
LORD'S PRAYER,

VERSIFIED.

FATHER of all!—whose throne illumines
Heav'n;

All honor to thy holy name be giv'n.

Thy gracious kingdom come; thy righteous will

May men on earth, as saints in heav'n fulfil;

Give us this day the bread by which we live;

As we our debtors, Thou our debts forgive.

Let not temptation lead us into woe;

Keep us from sin, and our eternal foe;

For thy Supreme dominion we adore,

Thy power—thy glory, is for evermore.

ON

SILENT WAITING UPON GOD.

WHAT though no object strike upon the sight,

Thy sacred Presence is an inward light!

What though no sound should penetrate the ear,

To list'ning souls the voice of truth is clear!

Sincere

VARIETY.

Since devotion needs no outward shrine;
The center of an humble heart is thine.
Here may I worship;—and here may'st thou
place

Thy seat of mercy, and thy throne of grace!
And fix (if Christ my advocate appear)
The great tribunal of thy justice here!
Let each vain thought, and each impure desire
Meet in thy wrath, with a destroying fire!
Whilst the kind rigours of a righteous doom
All selfish pride, and filthy lusts consume.
Thou too canst raise, tho' punishing for sin,
The joys of peaceful penitence within;
Thy justice, and thy mercy both are sweet;
Thou mak'st our trouble, and salvation meet;
Befall me then, whatever God shall please,
His wounds are healing, and his griefs give
ease;

He, like a kind physician of the soul,
Applies the medicine that can make it whole.
I'll do—I'll suffer whatsoe'er he wills;
I see his aim thro' all those transient ills;
Till purged from every false, and finite love,
Dead to the world, alive to things above,
The soul renew'd, as in its first form'd youth,
Shall worship God, in spirit, and in truth.

E. H.

EMOTIONS,

AWAKENED BY

THE REMOVAL OF A FATHER.

——“Heaven gives us friends to bless the present state;

“Resumes them, to prepare us for the next.”——

YOUNG.

IF the spirits of those that are at rest be sensible of any thing done here, the yearnings of my bosom may not be ungrateful to a father;—’tis all I now can offer for his tender solicitude over my infant years:—I felt a wish to oblige, and render pleasant the settling hours of his life, perhaps more than while he was in health;—yet, I can hardly comfort myself with the thought, that he is now conscious of my inclinations;—but he saw them in his last moments.

Seven watchful nights I hung over his pillow, and the last seemed light unto me, for he looked with kindness upon my endeavours to please, and the affection of a father seemed tenderly increased; if I wet his lips with wine, it was grateful from my hand, if I bore his weary head, he seemed glad of the support.

How

How affecting were the hours of that day whose night closed his eyes for ever on his children! Hours, whereof we were all certain they were the last we should pass together on this side eternity. His fainter, and fainter words, and his last affectionate looks, often return upon my mind; if future years be added to my life, his memory shall often break in upon the silent moment, and be dear to my bosom:—At the thoughts of him I shall be serious.—How grateful would it be to filial affection to enumerate his virtues?—But alas! I can well remember, age, and affliction had put the practice of them almost beyond his power;—However, the evening of his days were closed with innocency, and his mind was pure from avarice, that vice of old age;—I recollect not an instance of the love of money, and with all his advice, I believe he never recommended a pursuit after riches;—much did he advise, and many times did I hear the often told story treasured in his youth, whilst his eyes would gladden with the recollection of former scenes;—but his most pleasurable topic was religion, and his favourite book the New Testament;—’twas when conversing on these things, his countenance wore a chearful serenity;—this world seemed to him a weary confinement, for his soul had fixed its happiness on that which is
to

to come :—thither he is gone ;—yet his image, the image of old age, often visits my pillow ;—I see his silver hairs, white with the sorrow of more than fourscore years ;—I see him, with seeming satisfaction, comb them down his shoulders ;—I see him twine the little cord ;—plant the little tree ;—or burnish the staff for his amusement :—such were the employments of his old age, and I then heeded them not ;—but he has done with them, and now, to me, they are become of moment.—I will preserve the staff that brightened beneath his hand, and supported his feeble frame ; and sacred from the axe shall be the tree that he has planted.—How is he missed in the circle of his day ! when the soil around my dwelling feels the hand of improvement ; he comes not, as usual, to enquire the purpose of my labours ;—when I return from the fields in the evening, his seat is empty ; I am ready to call for him, but he is not there to answer ;—his voice has left my habitation for ever ;—no more shall I hear the poor complaint of age, and infirmity !

THE LAMB.

- “ O SPREAD around thy tenderest diligence
“ In flow’ry spring-time, when the new-dropt
“ lamb,
“ Tottering with weakness, by its mother’s side,
“ Feels the fresh world about him;—and each
“ thorn,
“ Hillock, or furrow, trips his nimble feet!
“ O guard his meek, sweet innocence from all
“ The numerous ills that rush around his life!
“ Mark the quick kite, with beak and talons
“ prone,
“ Circling the skies, to snatch him from the
“ plain;
“ Observe the lurking crows;—beware the
“ brake;
“ There the sly fox, the careless minute waits;
“ Nor trust thy neighbour’s dog, nor earth, nor
“ sky;
“ Thy bosom to a thousand cares divide.
“ Eurus oft flings his hail;—the tardy fields
“ Pay not their promised food;—and oft the
“ dam,
“ O’er her weak twins, with empty udder
“ mourns;
“ Or fails to guard, when the bold bird of prey
“ Alights, and hops in many turns around,
“ And

" And tires her also turning :—to her aid
 " Be nimble, and the weakeſt in thine arms
 " Gently convey to the warm cote ;—and oft
 " Between the lark's note, and the nightingales',
 " His hungry bleating ſtill, with tepid milk.
 " In this ſoft office may thy children join,
 " And charitable habits learn in ſport :
 " Nor yield him to himſelf, ere vernal airs
 " Sprinkle thy little croft with daiſy flowers."

DYER.

LITTLE FLORA, the daughter of a poor cottager, was ſeated, one fine ſummer's morning, under a hedge, by the road-ſide, holding on her lap a porringer of milk for her breakfast, in which ſhe ſopped a few ſlices of coarſe brown bread.—Juſt then a farmer was paſſing by, who had in his cart about a ſcore lambs that he was going to ſell at the next market-town ;—theſe poor little creatures, crouded one upon the other, with their feet tied together, and their heads hanging down, filled the air with plaintive bleatings, which pierced the heart of Flora, but were heard, by the farmer, with an air of unconcern.

When he was come oppoſite the little country girl, he threw down before her a lamb, which he was carrying acroſs his ſhoulders—
 " there, my girl," ſaid he, " is a good-for-nothing

ing beast that has just died, and made me five shillings the poorer;—take it, if you will, and make a stew of it.”—Flora quitted her breakfast;—laid down her porringer, and bread, and taking up the lamb began to lament it with tears of compassion:—“But,” said she, “why should I pity you?—you are at rest!—to day, or to-morrow, they would have run a great knife through your throat, while now you have nothing to fear!”—While she was speaking thus, the lamb began to revive by the warmth of her bosom, and at length, opening its eyes a little, made a slight motion, and faintly cried—“baa” as if it was calling its dam.—It would be difficult to express little Flora’s joy;—she covers it with her apron, and over that, with her stuff petticoat; bends her breast down towards her lap. to warm it still more, and blows with all her force into its nostrils, and mouth;—she felt the poor animal stir by degrees, and at each of its motions, she felt her own heart throb.—Encouraged by this first success, she took a sup of milk out of the porringer, and with some difficulty, opening its mouth, poured it down the throat of the poor little creature who was strengthened by the nourishment;—for in fact it was dying only through hunger.—It began now to stretch its limbs—shake its head—wag its tail—and to prick up its ears;—it had soon
strength

strength enough to support itself upon its legs; and then Flora, holding the porringer to its mouth, was delighted to see it drink up her breakfast;—in short, before a quarter of an hour was past, it had already played a thousand little gambols.

Flora, transported with joy, took it up in her arms, and running to the cottage, shewed it to her mother, who highly approved of what she had done.—Ba-ba (so she named it) became, from that moment, the object of her care;—she shared with it the little bread which was given her for her meals, and would not have changed it, singly, for the largest flock in the neighbourhood. Her good mother gave her permission to keep it in the orchard, and allowed it a porringer of milk every day; and ba-ba was so gratefully sensible of her fondness, that she would follow Flora every where she went—eat out of her hand, would frisk and play round her, and, whenever she was obliged to go out without her, would bleat most pitifully.

But this was not the only recompence with which Providence repaid Flora's humanity!—Ba-ba brought forth young lambs, and these, others in their turn, so that in a few years Flora had a pretty flock that nourished all the family with their milk, and furnished them with comfortable cloathing from their wool.

INSCRIPTION FOR A GROTTTO,

ERECTED TO TRANQUILLITY.

IF quiet scenes affect thy breast,
Stranger, step in a while and rest.
Within this mossy bordered cell
Tranquillity has chose to dwell;
Tranquillity, a virgin-queen,
Of forehead smooth, and eye serene;
Her bosom heaves no wayward sighs,
No fruitless sorrow wets her eyes,
No piercing sounds molest her ear,
Save the loud wood-lark perching near;
Or linnets animated lay
Sweet warbling to departing day;
Far, far aloof these passions roll,
That pierce and agitate the soul;
But oft within her grot appears
Philosophy, a sage in years;
And near her oft, with looks profound,
Sits Meditation on the ground;
And gently lulled upon her breast
Lies Resignation;—soothing guest!
And Hope with mild benignant eye,
Points to the glories of the sky;
And oft the Sybil muse is seen
To pace, before her threshold green.

T. W.

EDWIN AND ETHELINDE.

" ONE parting kiss, my Ethelinde,"
 (Young Edwin faltering cried)

" I hear thy father's hasty tread,
 " No longer must I bide ;

" To-morrow eve, in yonder wood,
 " Beneath the well-known tree,
 " Say, wilt thou meet thy own true love,
 " Whose only joy's in thee."

She view'd the dear-beloved youth,
 And sigh'd and dropt a tear——
 " Whate'er betide, my own true love,
 " I'll surely meet thee there."——

They kiss—they part—a list'ning page
 To malice ever bent ;
 O'er-heard their talk, and to his lord
 Reveal'd their fond intent :

The baron's brow grew dark with frowns,
 And rage distain'd his cheek ;
 " Heaven's—shall a vassal shepherd dare
 " My daughter's love to seek ?

" But know, rash boy, thy bold attempt
 " Full sorely shalt thou rue ;
 " Nor e'er again, ignoble maid !
 " Shalt thou thy lover view ?"

The

The dews of evening fast did fall,
And darkness spread apace ;
When Ethelinde, with beating breast,
Flew to the appointed place.

With eager eye she looked around,
No Edwin there was seen ;
“ He was not wont to break his faith ;
“ What can his absence mean ?”

Her heart beat quick at every noise
Came rustling thro’ the wood ;
And now she travers’d quick the ground,
And now she list’ning stood.

Enlivening hope, and chilling fear,
By turns her bosom share ;
And now she calls upon his name,
Now weeps in sad despair.

Mean time the day’s last glimmering fled
And black’ning all the sky,
An hideous tempest dreadful rose,
And thunders roll’d on high.

Poor Ethelinde aghast, dismay’d,
Beholds with wild affright
The threat’ning sky—the lonely wood,
And horrors of the night.

“ Where art thou now, my Edwin dear,
“ Thy friendly aid I want ?
“ Ah ! me ! my boding heart foretells,
“ That aid thou can’st not grant !”

Thus rack'd with pangs, and beat with storms,
Confused, and lost she roves ;
Now looks to Heaven with earnest prayer,
Now calls on him she loves.

At length, a distant taper's ray
Struck beaming on her sight ;
Thro' brakes she guides her fainting steps,
Towards the welcome light :

An aged hermit peaceful dwelt
In this sequestered wild ;
Calm goodness sat upon his brow,
His words were soft and mild.

He ope'd his hospitable door,
And much admiring viewed
The tender virgin's graceful form
Dash'd by the tempest rude.

" Welcome, fair maid, whoe'er thou art,
" To this warm shelter'd cell ;
" Here rest secure thy weary feet,
" Here peace, and safety dwell."

He saw the heart-wrung starting tear,
And gently sought to know,
With kindest pity's soothing looks,
The story of her woe.

Scarce had she told her mournful tale,
When, struck with dread, they hear
Voices confused, with dying groans,
The cell approaching near.

" Help !

" Help ! father, help !" they loudly cry,
" A wretch here bleeds to death,
" Some cordial balsam quickly give,
" To stay his parting breath."

All deadly pale they lay him down,
And gash'd with many a wound,
When—woeful sight !—'twas Edwin's self
Lay bleeding on the ground !

With frantic grief poor Ethelinde
Beside his body falls ;

" Lift up thy eyes, my Edwin dear,
" 'Tis Ethelinde that calls !"

That much-lov'd sound recalls his life,
He lifts his closing eyes ;
Then feebly murmuring out her name,
He gasps—he faints—and dies.

Stupid a while, in dumb despair,
She gazed on Edwin dead ;
Dim grew her eyes—her lips grew pale,
And life's warm spirit fled.

A.

S P R I N G.

NO more howls the wind :—ruffian blasts disappear,

'Midst mild gales, gentle suns, and soft showers,
The balm-breathing Spring ushers in the young
year,

In green robes, sprinkled over with flowers.
Nature teems at her touch ;—swifter circles the
tide

Of rich spirits her virtues impart
To the fust'ring juices, to glow, as they glide,
And give tone to the pulse of the heart.

The earth's frosty chains now dissolv'd by blithe
Spring,

The green foliage bursts full from the trees ;
The hopes of the year, Zephyr wafts on his wing,
And Fertility floats in the breeze.

Now cheerful the hind, with a song cheers his
team,

Which responsively lows in the woods ;
From the lake's silver surface, the Naiads proclaim
Her energy, stamp'd on the floods.

When the first swallow twitters, bless'd herald
of spring !

The horrors of winter are o'er.
Oh ! bear me, my muse ! on your light airy wing,
To the lov'd chequer'd scenes of Donore !

Where

Where the terrace-wood winds, and o'erhangs
the clear lake,

Mingling shades of the many-ting'd green ;
And the bright liquid mirror, thro' th' opening
brake,

Reflects the gay glittering scene.

While the lasses, and lads, from the blossoming
thorn,

Pluck the opening glories of spring ;

Where the brake is impearl'd with the dews of
the morn,

And the linnet, and finch sweetly sing ;

Where the primrose, and cowslip embroider the
mead ;

Where they drink in the clear gurgling rill ;

My companion, *Content*, shall give zest to the
shade ;

Rosy health shall preside o'er the hill.

J. G.

FROM

A LADY IN THE COUNTRY,

TO

HER FRIEND IN TOWN,

DESCRIBING A PASTORAL COURTSHIP.

MY DEAR LOUISA,

WHILST you are condemned to spend this sweet month of June in the smoak and dust of the great city, I am rambling in the meadows among the new-mown hay,

“ Where the mower whets his scythe,

“ And the milk-maid singeth blithe”

I am writing this under an old spreading oak, whilst my senses are regaled with the fragrance of a blooming field of beans, to which all the perfumes of the East might yield a preference.

As you are fond of Nature, in her native simplicity, I inclose a pastoral love-letter, which I yesterday picked up in a field of hay-makers; I flatter myself its natural images, and the strain of simple tenderness which runs through the whole, will give you as much pleasure in the perusal, as they gave me.

This

This faithful William, I find, is a young shepherd to a neighbouring farmer:—who Phebe is, to whom the epistle is addressed, I know not;—except it be a very pretty young lass who was making hay in the same field where I found the letter.—I was particularly pleased with the innocence of her looks, and the neatness of her dress;—her plain round-eared cap, and little straw-hat, added much to the simplicity of her appearance.

“ Her form was fresher than the morning
“ rose

“ When the dew wets its leaves:—unstained
“ and pure

“ As is the lilly, or the mountain snow.

“ The modest virtues mingled in her eye;

“ Thoughtless of beauty, she was beauty’s
“ self.”

No wonder that her enamoured William is so deeply smitten!—I find he has likewise the pangs of absence to sustain, as the flock of sheep he then tended, had been removed, by the cruel orders of his master, to the distance of two miles from his Phebe—What a calamity!—two miles in such tender circumstances, are at the least two hundred;—In short, a banishment to the Indies, were there no such person as Phebe—would not have appeared, to this forlorn shepherd, so miserable an event;—but take his own words.

Dear, and for ever dear Phebe,

BLESSINGS on his heart who invented writing! and doubly blessed be the heart of good Squire Richly who paid for my schooling, and enabled me to describe to my Phebe the state of my mind in this cruel separation!

After I had parted with you at the stile, in the wood, on Sunday evening, I heard the sad tidings that my flock was to be driven into the pasture by the elm-trees, near the south copse;—so that now I can never see you but once a week at most; and how to support myself under this greatest of afflictions that could befall your poor William, I cannot say; but my mind is so disturbed by this unlooked-for misfortune, that, as I am a living man, I'm in such a quandary, I know not how to go about my business. Phebe, it is nothing in the varsal world, this changing the pasture, but a foolish vagary of my master's; for every body says the grass was sweeter, and better for the sheep, down by the meadow where we used to meet by the moonlight, than where now the poor things be drove to;—I am sure I thought that spot was delightful when you sat by me on the bank of violets.

All now goes to rack and ruin.—I have lost four lambs; and what grieves me more, that
poor

poor ewe you nursed, and was so fond of, died this morning;—owing, no doubt, to change of pasture.—I have lost my scrip;—I have indeed lost every thing. No! I have still the lock of your dear hair that you gave me at the wake; I wear it next my heart, and will, to the day of my death.

It would grieve your heart to see poor old Tray, my dog—he misses you, Phebe; I am sure he does;—he hangs his head;—will not eat;—and looks at me sometimes, as sensibly as a Christian—as much as to say—“where is Phebe?”

I count every moment till Sunday—but 'tis an age till then—Oh! my sweet Phebe, can you ever forget that evening (last midsummer eve) when we strayed to the foot of yonder neighbouring hill, to the bower I had made of twisted eglantine and honey suckles?—Our fond debate was, which of us loved longest and best;—methought the nightingale never sung so sweet as that evening, whilst we sat, hand in hand, in our shady retreat.

It does not signify, Phebe, for us to wait, and wait, until a farm drops;—we had better take the first cottage we can hear of;—as for the little bargain at the Five Oaks, which I had set my

my heart upon ;—that would have just suited us, as there was a meadow, where we could have kept a cow, and two or three sheep ;—but—alack-a-day !—we have not sufficient to raise a large stock !—you know, Phebe, I have only ten pounds in the world, and you but five ; and what will that sum together do to stock a farm ?—However, let Fortune do her worst, I will buy the wedding ring when I go to the next market town, and the banns may be asked in the church ;—what say you, my love ?

You know I have an uncle ;—he lives in a little bargain of his own in Yorkshire :—troth I could walk on foot there, though an hundred miles distant, if I thought he would part with any thing in his life-time ;—but alas ! old folks see not these things in the same light we young ones do ! he perhaps would not see the charms of my Phebe, who I think in my poor fancy, far excels in beauty even his honor's fine new-married lady at the great house ;—(meaning my ladyship)—and yet, blessings on her sweet face, it does me good to see her on a Sunday at church ;—not a bit of pride I will answer for her ;—and she sent poor dame Grove half a guinea, when her son James broke his leg.—Well—but as I was saying ;—consider, Phebe, about the banns, and the ring ;—O when I see his honor's fine race horses, I am ready to say,
—“ If

" If I had only half one quarter part of what goes to support those beasts for pleasure, it would make a poor industrious couple happy for life !"

Well, I thought I had told you all my mind; but one thing more I must say, and pray don't take it amiss ;—but that nosegay of carnations which in your dear bosom I saw last Sunday at church, has given me the greatest trouble ; I fear it was the gift of Thomas at the mill : not that I doubt the faith of my Phebe :—no ! my love ! I am not jealous ;—only I don't like he should make his brags, and have it to say you accept any of his odious favors ;—you know his arts to your sex, and that poor Molly the dairy-maid at the parsonage, died for love of him.

Do, my Phebe, send an answer to this ; you may send it by one of the children at Hill-farm, who go through this very dismal meadow (to school) where I am now keeping my sheep ; here they will find me stretched out under the willows by the side of the brook, lamenting this cruel absence.

I have a deal more to say when we meet—
but cannot commit more to paper at present,
for lack of time.

Farewell !

Farewell!—I will have a syllabub in readiness for you on next Sunday evening at the old farm next his honor's park.

So no more at present from your faithful—
constant lover, till death,

WILLIAM DOBBINS.

AND now, my dear Louisa, I will suppose you have read the above artless epistle;—do you not pity the distress of these poor lovers whose poverty alone you see keeps them asunder?—But, however, that shall be no longer a bar to their happiness;—I am going this instant to desire my good husband to settle William and his Phebe in the little bargain (as he calls it) at the Five Oaks, and it shall go hard with me if I do not stock it myself.

As I know the beneyolent heart of my Louisa is never so happy as when assisting the distressed, I give you leave to present those faithful lovers a few sheep, and a cow or two.—These, from an heiress of your large fortune, will be better than so many silver flounces to your petticoat.

My intention is to make the future habitation of these poor young folks a little paradise. The house I shall cause to be fitted up in the neatest manner;—the garden I shall myself see planted

planted with a variety of the most beautiful flowers;—a little brook, which runs by its side, shall have an arbour on its banks, formed of the branches of willows, intermixed with sweet-briar, and woodbines.—Here William may sit by the side of his Phebe, and listen to the bleating of his lambs, or see his sheep feeding in the adjacent meadow in safety;—Phebe shall have a small poultry-yard, which I shall stock with numerous broods of chickens, ducks, &c.

Ah! my friend! how many ways have we, whom Heaven has blessed with affluence, of making others happy! I shall myself often visit this industrious, constant pair.

Adieu; come, my Louisa!—come as soon as possible, and be an eye-witness of happiness in the cottage of William and Phebe.—Come, I say, and share supreme delight with your

EUPHRASIA.

THE FAREWELL.

THE gloomy night is gathering fast,
Loud roars the wild inconstant blast;
Yon murky cloud is foul with rain,
I see it driving o'er the plain;
The hunter now has left the moor,
The scatter'd coveys meet secure,
While here I wander, press'd with care,
Along the lonely banks of Ayr.

The Autumn mourns his rip'ning corn,
By early Winter's ravage torn;
Across her placid, azure sky,
She sees the scowling tempest fly:
Chill runs my blood to hear it rave,
I think upon the stormy wave,
Where many a danger I must dare,
Far from the bonie banks of Ayr.

'Tis not the surging billows roar,
'Tis not that fatal, deadly shore;
Tho' Death in ev'ry shape appear,
The wretched have no more to fear;
But round my heart the ties are bound,
That heart transpierc'd with many a wound;
These bleed afresh—those ties I tear,
To leaye the bonie banks of Ayr.

Farewell,

Farewell, old Coila's hills and dales,
 Her heathy moors and winding vales;
 The scenes where wretched Fanny roves,
 Pursuing past unhappy loves!
 Farewell, my friends! farewell, my foes!
 My peace with these, my love with those—
 The bursting tears my heart declare,
 Farewell! the bonie banks of Ayr.

BURNS.

E L L E N,

AN ELEGY.

COLD blew the wind;—no gleam of light
 When Ellen left her home;
 And brav'd the horrors of the night,
 O'er dreary wilds to roam.

The lovely maid had late been gay,
 When hope and pleasure smil'd,
 But now, alas! to grief a prey
 Was Ellen Sorrow's child!

She long was William's promis'd bride;
 But, ah! how sad a doom!
 The gentle youth, in beauty's pride,
 Was summon'd to the tomb!

No

No more those joys shall Ellen prove
Which many an hour beguil'd;
From morn. to eve she mourns her love—
Sweet Ellen!—Sorrow's child!

With falt'ring step away she hies
O'er William's grave to weep;
For Ellen there, with tears and sighs,
Her watch would often keep.

The pitying angel saw her woe,
And came with aspect mild,—
"Thy tears shall now no longer flow,
"Sweet Ellen!—Sorrow's child!"

"Thy plaintive notes were heard above,
"Where thou shalt soon find rest;
"Again thou shalt behold thy love,
"And be for ever blest."

"And can such bliss be mine!" she cried,
With voice and looks so wild;—
Then sunk upon the earth and died
Sweet Ellen!—Sorrow's child!

S. M.

TO LAVINIA,

ON HER BIRTH-DAY.

LAVINIA, see, the circling year,
Again with Autumn's fruits appear,
The waving fields behold !
The swains with joy delightful sing,
To view the labour of the Spring,
Thus paid an hundred fold !

But woe's the man, who idly gay
Trifled the vernal hours away,
Or pass'd the day supine ;
No golden ears his grounds adorn,
The thistle here, and there the thorn,
Upbraid his ill-spent time.

When Winter's chilling months are come,
And each his pleasures seek at home,
When stormy blasts arise ;
His home of ev'ry comfort bare,
An empty barn, and haggard drear,
Meet his affrighted eyes.

Remarks so plain excite a smile,
But if we ruminate a while
A moral may be found ;
If youth (life's spring) be careless pass'd,
In pleasure's maze, or folly's waste,
With grief will age be crown'd.

When

When youth and beauty's prime is o'er,
 When joys of fancy please no more,
 When sorrows wound the breast;
 Within her stores the well-fraught mind
 A source of comfort still will find,
 To lull her woes to rest.

You now, sweet friend! with anxious care
 For life's autumnal scenes prepare,
 Nor pass a vacant hour;
 But from each care you now bestow,
 A thousand pleasures then will flow,
 A thousand blessings show'r.

AMANDA.

TO THE SAME,

ON HER BIRTH-DAY.

AUGUST 6, 1792.

WHEN darkness spread o'er nature's frame,
 Then sportive fancy seiz'd the rein;
 And straightway, by her magic wand,
 I in a garden took my stand;
 On ev'ry side arose to view,
 Ten thousand flowers of various hue;

While

While Phœbus gilt the opening day,
 Their charms expanded to his ray;
 Here the majestic tulip rose,
 And there the fragrant hyacinth blows;
 Th' auricula, in vernal pride,
 Seem'd the mean cowslip to deride;
 In pleasure lost I trod the ground,
 While Nature breath'd perfume around.
 And while each tuft delight inspir'd,
 Their glowing beauty I admir'd.

But as I gaz'd, at length I hear
 A gentle voice attract my ear;
 " Say, curious mortal, can thy mind
 " True merit in this garden find?
 " Beneath the semblance of a flow'r
 " Behold true beauty's richest dower!"—
 Surpriz'd, I cast my eyes around,
 To see from whence proceeds the sound;
 When on a pink, with armour grac'd,
 The sylph Sophrosyne was plac'd;
 Kind guardian of the fair and young,
 Whom Hayley late so sweetly sung:
 Instant I reverenc'd the pow'r,
 And joyful hail'd the happy hour;
 Again her question she renew'd,
 And I again each blossom view'd.
 " Kind Sylph," I cautiously reply'd,
 " I here entreat you for my guide;
 " Ten thousand beauties I behold,
 " Of ev'ry hue, and form, and mold;

" But

" But of the sweets they all disclose,
 " None strikes me like the blushing rose;
 " For colour, shape, and fragrance join'd,
 " She seems the sovereign of her kind;
 " And surely female worth we find,
 " When form and sweetness are combin'd:
 " But if deciding thus I err,
 " I your opinion hope to hear."—

" No doubt," reply'd the lovely sprite,
 " Numbers might think your judgment right;
 " The rose is fine in shape and hue,
 " But sets her beauties all to view;
 " Courts admiration from each fly,
 " Or bee, or wasp that passes by;
 " Receives the flattery of the day,
 " Then sheds her leaves, and falls away:
 " In her we see the gay coquet,
 " By insignificants beset;
 " She flirts with each, of each the scorn,
 " She reigns a day, then lives forlorn;
 " But here, in modest worth array'd,
 " The violet humbly courts the shade;
 " The tulip in gay colours drest,
 " Less beauteous than her purple vest;
 " And in her gentle bosom dwells
 " A sweetness which the rose excels;
 " In her true female charms we find,
 " The gentle, timid, modest mind;
 " Nor seeks to shine, nor courts applause,
 " And blushes at the praise she draws;
 " Such

"Such are the darlings of my care,
"Such are the truly winning fair!"—

Grateful I bow'd before the sprite,
Fill'd with ineffable delight;
Then proudly said—"A *friend* I claim,
"Who shines the violet of the plain;
"To her I dedicate this lay,
"Again to hail! her natal day."

AMANDA.

THE LEPER.

A PRINCE, named Josephat, having lost his way in hunting, heard, at a little distance, the sweetest voice imaginable.—Surprized with this fine singing in a desert, he walked toward the place from whence it proceeded, and was strangely amazed to see that the singer was a poor *Leper*, and his body half rotten:—"Good God!" said the Prince, "how can you have the heart to sing in this wretched condition?" "I have just reason to rejoice," said the sick man; "I have lived forty years in this world; that is, my soul has been confined these forty years to a body of clay, which is its prison: the walls of the prison are now falling to pieces,
and

and my soul, set at liberty from the ruins of this body, will take its flight towards my God, to enjoy unbounded happiness.—Wonder not then at my being so transported, that I cannot forbear raising my voice to Heaven on this solemn occasion of my deliverance.”

A

DIALOGUE

BETWEEN

BODY AND MIND.

SAYS *Body* to *Mind*—“ ’Tis amazing to see

“ We’er so nearly related, yet never agree ;

“ But lead a most, wrangling, strange sort of a
“ life,

“ As great plagues to each other as husband and
“ wife ;

“ The fault’s all your own, who by flagrant op-
“ pression

“ Encroach ev’ry day on my lawful possession ;

“ The best room in my house you have seiz’d
“ for your own,

“ And turn’d the whole tenement quite upside
“ down ;

“ While

" While you hourly call in a disorderly crew
 " Of vagabond rogues, who have nothing to do,
 " But to run in and out, hurry-scurry, and
 " keep
 " Such a terrible uproar, I can't get to sleep :
 " My kitchen sometimes is as empty as sound ;
 " I call for my servants, not one's to be found ;
 " They all are gone out on your ladyship's er-
 " rand,
 " To fetch some more riotous guests in I war-
 " rant,
 " And since things are growing, I see, worse
 " and worse,
 " I'm determin'd to force you to alter your
 " course."

Poor *Mind*, who heard all with extreme mo-
 deration,
 Thought it now time to speak, and make her
 allegation.
 " 'Tis I that, methinks, have most cause to
 " complain,
 " Who am cram'p'd, and confin'd like a slave in
 " a chain ;
 " I did but step out on some weighty affairs,
 " To visit last night my good friends in the stars,
 " When, before I had got half as high as the
 " moon,
 " You dispatch'd pain, and languor to hurry me
 " down,

" Vi et armis they seiz'd me in the midst of my
 " flight,

" And shut me in caverns as dark as the night."

" 'Tis no more," reply'd *Body*, " than what
 " you deserv'd,

" While you wander'd abroad, I at home was
 " half starv'd,

" And unless I had closely confin'd you in hold,

" You had left me to perish with hunger and
 " cold."

" I've a friend," answer'd *Mind*, " who tho'
 " slow, is yet sure,

" Who will rid me at last of your insolent
 " power ;

" Will knock down your mud walls, the whole
 " fabric demolish,

" And at once your strong holds, and my slavery
 " abolish ;

" And while in the dust your dull ruins decay,

" I will slip off my chains, and fly freely away."

MISS CARTER.

AN
EXCURSION OF FANCY;OR, THE
ADVENTURES OF A DAY.

IT was at that season of the year when the mind is disposed to tranquillity and pleasure, by every object that salutes the eye, when the vernal blossoms exhale their odoriferous fragrance, that Theodore entered his garden, at an early hour, to taste the freshness of the morning breeze,

He was young, and early left master of himself and an affluent fortune; yet his mind was not vitiated, nor his heart depraved; he was accountable to none for his actions, but he had a monitor within, that examined with scrutinizing attention the minutest of them, and passed the severest censure on all which he did not approve. He looked with abhorrence on those scenes falsely called Pleasure, and would as soon put a period to his own existence, as attempt to ruin the peace of an innocent creature to gratify a momentary passion: Yet had Theodore a taste for pleasure, and that of the most refined

kind; his heart would dilate with transport, when he could dry the tear of affliction, and when he had removed the distress of a fellow-creature:—But he is in the garden.—As he walked through the winding alleys, the feathered songsters seemed all to join in a general hymn of praise to their great Creator:—"Pretty warblers," said Theodore, "shall you chaunt forth the praises of Him who gave you being, and man be silent?—Forbid it, Gratitude!—He then, with a voice attuned to harmony, sung these words:—

To thee, O God! who made the day,
My morning homage I will pay;
May it, like sweetest incense rise,
And reach thy throne above the skies.

Each op'ning bud, each blooming flow'r,
Shews thy Supreme Almighty pow'r,
But—*Man*—the noblest work divine,
Doth in thy own great image shine.

Here he was interrupted—a robin pursued by a hawk fled for refuge to his bosom: he took the panting creature in his hand, while with his handkerchief he frightened away the foe:—"Welcome," said he, "thou most social of the feathered race, by seeking from me your life you shall not lose your liberty."—Then placing the still trembling flutterer on a bough, it soon

in sweetest strains sung forth its gratitude.— Theodore, now, pursued his former subject, praising the Creator in his works, and in an hour adjourned to the breakfast parlour. As he passed through the hall, he saw some of his people forcibly bringing in a man who, pale and trembling, strove to break from them.—“ Here, an’t please your honour,” said one, “ we took him in the very fact of shooting a hare on your ground ;—here it is, and here is his gun.”—— Theodore, looking at him with great mildness, said—“ Did you not know, my friend, that in doing this you broke the law, and left it in my power to punish you ?—“ I did, Sir,” he replied, “ but was compelled to act as I did by a reason stronger than any law.”——“ Pray, what was that reason ?” “ The wants of a wife and three children, each dearer to me than life, who are perishing for food, and if I am confined they will be lost indeed.”——“ Why can you not work ?”——“ I have not been used to servile employments ; misfortunes have, indeed, reduced me thus :—I would willingly perform the meanest work to get bread, but my want of skill in those matters caused every person I applied to, to refuse employing me a second time : I have some knowledge of gardening, but could never obtain such a place.”——“ Return the gun and the hare,” said Theodore to his people, and putting a guinea into the man’s hand,

“you, perhaps, stand in need of some other things;—I am at present in want of a gardener; come to me to-morrow morning.” Is there occasion for many words to express the poor man’s gratitude? Surely no: it will be enough to the heart of sensibility to say, he felt as he ought to feel, and retired invoking blessings on his benefactor; who went to breakfast without once thinking he had done any thing extraordinary. It was not the first time Theodore had acted thus: yet he was remarkable for preserving his game. When his repast was finished his steward entered the room—“Sir, said he, I have just heard something which I think will be very advantageous to you: Your neighbour, Lionel, wants to mortgage his estate; it is clear five hundred a year; he asks two thousand pounds on it; but it was hinted to me, that if he did not immediately meet with a mortgagee, he will sell it for six thousand, which is, at least, four years purchase less than could be got elsewhere: your honour may do as you please; but, if I might take the liberty to advise, you would buy it.”—Those were the thoughts of a steward; but the heart of Theodore spoke a different language. Lionel, about to sell or mortgage, he replied with great surprize, What can be the cause?—“A gaming debt, I understand, said the steward, contracted to Lord Courtall; he must either mortgage or sell directly, and the
estate

estate lies so contiguous to your honour's, it would be a pity not to buy it; he will not readily find a mortgagee in this part of the country, and he is in such a hurry for the money, I am sure you will easily get it."—"Very well," said Theodore, "I will think of it; leave me."

When Theodore was alone, he really began to think on what he had heard, but not in the manner the steward meant:—"Good Heavens!" said he to himself—"and could there be a mind so base as to take advantage of a fellow-creature's distress, merely for a slight emolument to himself?—how I should detest myself could I harbour such a thought!—But of all men living I could not have suspected Lionel of being thus involved; I took him for a quite different character:—but be it as it may, he is in distress; perhaps I may be able to assist him—I will at least endeavour to do it."

This resolution taken, he went instantly to put it in execution: His way to Lionel's lay thro' a meadow; he there beheld a youth about fourteen, his countenance beautiful, open, and ingenuous, running to and fro, wringing his hands in an agony of distress, and exclaiming—My father! Oh, my father! my father! what will become of you? what will become of us? my father?—Theodore eagerly enquired the cause of his distress.—"Oh, Sir!" he said, "my father, the best of fathers, was last night put in
D 4 prison,

prison, and he must always stay there, for I am sure he will never consent to come out.—“No!” said Theodore, “that is very surprising; can any man love a prison, so as to wish to spend his life in it? Pray what is the reason of his confinement?”——“Oh, Sir!” replied the youth, “Lord Courtall has put him in for an hundred pounds; and, this morning, I heard him say, the ruin of my sister was to be the price of his liberty, and I am sure he will never consent to that.”——“Base monster!” exclaimed Theodore, “but you shall be disappointed!” Then turning to Lucio, (for so was the youth called) “Conduct me to your father; it is not quite a mile to the prison; we shall soon be there.” Theodore’s mind was so fixed on the villainy of Lord Courtall, that he scarcely spoke during the walk. At length they arrived at the dreary mansion. Lucio led him to an apartment, wretched indeed, but at some distance from the common gaol. There he beheld a man whose every look bespoke the gentleman; at his side sat a form, whom Apelles might have taken for his model, bathed in tears. “Sir,” said Lucio, “this gentleman wishes to speak with you.”——“I am informed,” said Theodore, “of the cause of your confinement;—I know it is not easy in the country to procure bail; I am, therefore, come to offer my service for that purpose; and hope, as I have not the pleasure of your acquaintance, you will not think me
officious

officious in so doing." Montanor looked upon him for some moments; at length said, "Pray, Sir, may I ask your motives for a proceeding so uncommon in the present age? for, alas! I have lived to see, that liberality has always a secret end." "Believe me," replied Theodore, "I have no other motive but to put an end to your distress, and to remove you from a place so very unfit for this company. Accident threw me in your son's way, this morning; his unfeigned sorrow could not but demand my attention.—I asked the cause of his tears, and he, with an ingenuous frankness, told me. I then determined to use my best endeavours in your behalf; and now entreat you will inform me in what manner I can serve you." "Your generosity, Sir," said Montanor, "is indeed very great; and shines with double lustre on account of its rarity. Misfortune, alone, has brought me here. I am the youngest son of a good family, whose only fault was pride, which caused them absolutely to refuse any connection with me, on account of my marrying the most amiable of her sex, but who could not boast the gifts of fortune; but least I should become an absolute disgrace to them, a place was procured for me under Government. Our happiness was beyond expressions, and was increased by the birth of my sweet Julia, the gentle soother of my sorrows; in three years more I became the

happy father of my Lucio. We now thought ourselves completely blest, and for some years we were so; but, two years since, a sudden change in the department I was in deprived us of every support; and to fill the bitter cup of woe, the dear object of my tenderest love was seized with a lingering illness, which, in some months, put a period to her valuable life. During her illness I had contracted debts I was now unable to pay, and a prison, with all its horrors, rose to my view; when Lord Courtall, with whom, in my former place, I had gained a slight acquaintance, generously advanced the different sums, and took my bond for the whole, which amounted to about one hundred pounds, and in a short time procured me an advantageous place in this county. Soon the amiable Lionel beheld my Julia with approbation, and offered her his hand and fortune. She regarded him as his merit deserved; and a day was appointed for their union. Lord Courtall, who had been our constant visitor, now shewed the base meaning which lurked beneath his liberality, by proposals to my daughter of the worst kind:—On her rejecting the infamous offer with disdain, after urging every persuasive a bad heart could devise, he retired, vowing revenge.—The next day his attorney came in form to demand payment of my bond, which, alas! I was unable to discharge: I requested
time,

time, but that was denied me.—I was, last night, conveyed here, my persecutor determining to ruin me, thinking, by that means, to effect his horrid purpose. As three days absence vacates my employment, he had the cruelty to come an hour after my confinement and offer a father liberty on the ruin of a darling child. I treated his proposal, as it deserved, with the utmost contempt, telling him he might make me poor, but could not make me base.”

The mind of Theodore was affected during the recital with a variety of emotions. Incapable himself of offering the slightest injury to a fellow-creature, he could not reflect on the character of Lord Courtall but with the utmost horror; turning to Montanor, he said—“Until now I had not formed so ill an opinion of human nature as to suppose any man could act as Lord Courtall has done by you; but his malice shall be disappointed. Beauty and worth, such as I now behold, were not made to inhabit a prison. But, I fear this is not the only way he has injured you.”—At that moment Lionel rushed in, and flying to Julia, regardless of the presence of Theodore—“Oh, my adorable Julia! is it here I am, this day, destined to behold you—this day, that was to crown my fondest wishes? You know not, my Julia, what a wretch your
Lionel

Lionel at this moment is !—but, thank Heaven, I can still free you from this place.”——The gentle Julia, almost sinking to the earth by the words and manner of Lionel, faintly asked—“What has happened to you?—Oh! why do you speak thus?”——“Despise me not, my love,” he replied, “when you know that, overcome by the solicitations of Lord Courtall, I rashly betted at the races of —, and am his debtor for two thousand pounds; but I felt not my misfortune in the extreme, till I heard of your situation. I endeavoured to raise a sum by mortgaging my estate, but could not; this morning, however, I have heard of a purchaser for it; and could my Julia still look upon me, though I cannot make her rich I would endeavour to make her happy.”——A look, expressive of the utmost horror, appeared in Montanor’s countenance;—the power of speech seemed denied him, while Julia, bursting into tears, replied—“Oh, Lionel, it is I that am the cause of your distress !—It was to plant a dagger in my breast that Lord Courtall acted thus !”

Theodore, who had been an unobserved spectator of this scene, now advanced to Lionel, and said—“Your presence here has prevented my walk to your house, where I was just going. I, this morning, heard of your situation, and was on my way to offer you my best services.

Think

Think not of selling your estate; I will advance the sum you stand in need of; the manner of payment shall be as most convenient."—"Generous man!" said Lionel, "I will, instantly, make over two hundred a year to you; that will pay the interest, and in time clear the debt; but never can the debt of gratitude be paid."—"Interest!" said Theodore, "so you think me a usurer; but if I am, it is not from you I expect my usury. Consider me as your friend. What another would expect for interest will in time clear the whole; I will receive no more. But why do we linger here?—Do you, Lionel, conduct that lady to her father's; this is a very improper place for her; in a short time I will join you."—So saying, he hurried away, leaving them in a silence more expressive than the finest oratory ever pronounced.—He flew to Lord Courtall's agent, discharged every demand, and ordered him instantly to set Montanor free;—which was done ere Lionel could return from leaving Julia at her father's house.

Theodore then went home, and wrote the following letter to Lord Courtall:—

MY LORD,

MONTANOR's bond is discharged; and he is, I suppose, by this time free. I request your Lordship will appoint an hour for settling the

the matter that subsists between you and Lionel. It is a common method in concerns of love to make the object of our wishes rich and happy; your Lordship has thought proper to take another course, and endeavoured to make her, you professed such a passion for, poor and wretched to an extreme. If, my Lord, your own heart, on serious reflection, approves what you have done, any thing I could say would be ineffectual; if, on the contrary, it condemns you, you need not a severer monitor.

THEODORE.

This letter he instantly sent, and in less than an hour received a blank cover, enclosing Lionel's note, cancelled, (which he had given his Lordship for the sum he had won.) But it was not virtue that produced this change. Lord Courtall's ruling passion was pride; and he dreaded nothing so much as to be thought avaricious. He had won that sum from Lionel only, to prevent his assisting Montanor: His agent had acquainted him with Theodore's conduct; and it hurt him in the most tender part. On receiving the above letter he resolved not to be outdone in generosity; so returned the note cancelled. His mind, however, was not altered; for the next day had an opportunity served he would have acted in the same way.

Theo-

VARIETY

Theodore now returned to Montanor's, and found, what would delight every good mind, a little circle, happy by his means. He delivered Lionel his note, slightly mentioning his own letter.—Words cannot express their joy and gratitude; but Theodore insisted on an eternal silence to him.

Lionel now presented him the sum he had advanced for Montanor, when a generous contest ensued. Theodore long refused accepting it, till recollecting, that to lay the feeling heart under unnecessary obligations, is to give it the greatest pain; he complied, and immediately changed the subject:—"I think," he said, "I heard that this day was to have made Lionel compleatly happy; what should now prevent it? Let me intreat for him,"—taking the fair hand of Julia. Lionel joined him with the most tender persuasions; she hesitated for a while, but at length consented. A clergyman and a female friend of Julia's were instantly sent for. Theodore acted the part of bride-man.—They spent the evening innocently gay, and Theodore returned home, and retired to rest with serenity of mind, arising from the thought of having spent a day—well.

AMANDA.

THE

REDBREAST.

OCCASIONED BY A LITTLE REDBREAST BEING
FOUND DEAD IN A GREEN-HOUSE, WHERE
HE WAS ACCIDENTALLY CONFINED.

ALL amidst these pleasing scenes,

I lament my hapless fate;

What to me are fragrant greens,

While I've nothing here to eat?

What, alas! can these supply?

Give me food, or lo! I die!—

Through the clear deceiving glass

Oft I peep, and peep with pain;

Often through it strive to pass,

But as often strive in vain:

Food and freedom is my cry,

Give me food, or lo! I die!

For no harm I hither came,

Shelter only, have I sought;

This was neither sin nor shame,

Yet I'm like a sinner caught;

Thus I'm griev'd, and know not why;

Give me food, or here I die!

Oft

Oft I flit around my prifon,
Hoping—wifhing to be free;
Ever wond'ring what's the reafon
Man fo cruel is to me!

Here I've neither worm or fly;
Give me food, or lo! I die!

Pity me, ye tender-hearted,
Mine is not a common cafe;
Even debtors, when they've fmarted,
Oft obtain an act of grace;
Man, thou ow'ft more than I;
Give me food, or lo! I die!

'Twas my brethren, or my kin,
Prov'd of old fo kind and good,
When they did that friendly thing

For the "Children in the Wood;"
Children, come, with pitying eye,
Bring relief, or lo! I die!

Set me free, be gentle, kind;
Thus to ftarve me will be wrong;
Set me free, and foen you'll find
I'll repay you with a fong;
Thus I call;—but no reply;
Ah! I faint!—I droop!—I die!

A.

ELEGY

ELEGY

ON THE

DEATH OF DOCTOR MBRIDE.

HOW still the eve!—not Zephyr wings its way,
While night creeps on, with solemn, gentle
pace,

Spreading her sable curtain o'er the day,
And calls to rest all nature's busy race.

Tho' weak yon taper lights the humble cot,
It shews a bliss to palaces unknown;
Its tenants happy, though they've toilsome got
A scanty meal, beneath a tyrant's frown.

Yet sweet repast, the short and simple fare,
Not treasuring ills, which still on grandeur
wait;

And sweet their rest, for guilty, thorny care
Flies their rough pillows, for the down of
state.

O! blest serenity! how does the mind,
Ruffled by many a stormy, cutting blast,
Seek thy assuaging balm? then, Heav'n, be kind,
And make me humble, if content I taste.

But,

But, hark!—now springs afresh the rising gale!
 It rises still—though comes so tardy near,
 As if from woe it bore some heavy tale,
 Which fain wou'd backen from a friendly
 car.

Still, still it swells; and, oh! prophetic mind!
 From yonder sacred dome it wafts a knell,
 Whose note yet strives to die upon the wind,
 Lest the sad news too speedy it may tell.

Whoe'er thou art, who thus obedient gave
 A fleeting life to unrelenting death;
 May'st thou find bliss triumphant in the grave,
 As sure as *Peon*, when he yields his breath!

Peon! what mean'st thou, *Echo*, to return
 With sadden'd voice, that much-lov'd honor'd
 name?

Sure nought betides him, that I now should
 mourn

A friend so dear to merit and to fame?

Ah! me!—why blaze those torches near the
 grove

Where dwells my friend;—and why that cry
 of woe;

And what that croud, that there so solemn
 move,

Say, gentle traveller, if the cause you know?

“ And

" And have the tidings not assail'd your ear,
 " Which ache the heart of many a faithful
 " breast ?

" 'Tis the sad burial of a man most dear,
 " Pæon the wife, the honor'd, the carefs'd."

Pæon!—ye Powers, support me!—what, my
 friend,

Whose door now waits thy step!—of him be-
 reav'd ;

O cruel fate!—and could not Science lend
 A hand to save him, whom so many sav'd ?

Nor thou, Philosophy a life prolong,
 Which so enrich'd thy deep-sought treasur'd
 store ?

'Twas passing hard ;—but I'll attend the throng
 That wails a public loss, since he's no more.

'Tis done—He's now to native earth return'd,
 As far as frail mortality departs ;

But all his virtues shall be richly urn'd
 Within the center of a thousand hearts.

Tho' the grav'd monument can little add
 To keep alive a fame that has no end ;
 Yet if 'tis rais'd above his clay-cold bed,
 Bear it this tribute from a weeping friend.

EPITAPH.

EPI T A P H.

VIRTUE.

HOW sweet thy sleep, my votive son!
 How true thy dream of future bliss!
 Tho' Science claims thee for her own,
 'Tis I that gain'd thee happiness.

FAME.

To spread afar be mine the joy;
 Thy name embrac'd by ev'ry wind:
 My trump shall sound, O! sweet employ!
 The strength and graces of thy mind.

TIME.

And let me join, O Virtue!—Fame!
 To fix your fav'rite's happy lot;
 I'll from oblivion save his name,
 When million others are forgot.

DR. HOULTON.

O HUMAN LIFE!—how mutable, how vain!
 How thy wide sorrows circumscribe thy joy?
 O funny island, in a stormy main;
 A spot of azure, in a cloudy sky!

IN A GARDEN BELONGING TO
MR. TYERS, IN DENBIGH, IN SURRY,

IS A WALK,

TERMINATED BY A BEAUTIFUL ALCOVE,

CALLED

"*IL PENSEROSO*,"

IN WHICH ARE TWO ELEGANTLY COVERED
PEDESTALS; ON WHICH ARE PLACED

A GENTLEMAN'S AND LADY'S SCULL,

EACH OF WHICH ADDRESSES

THE MALE AND FEMALE VISITORS.

THE LADY'S SCULL.

BLUSH not, ye fair! to own me; but be wise;
Nor turn from frail mortality your eyes!

Fame says—and fame alone can tell how true,
I once was lovely, and belov'd like you;

Where are my vot'ries,—where my flatterers
now!

Fled with the subject of each lover's vow:

Adieu the roses red, the lily white—

Adieu those eyes, that made the darkness bright!

No

No more, alas! the coral lips are seen,
 No longer breathes the fragrant gale between;
 Turn from your mirror, and behold in me
 Alone what thousands cannot, dare not see;
 Unvarnish'd, I the real truth impart,
 Nor here am plac'd, but to direct the heart;
 Survey me well, ye fair ones, and believe
 The grave may terrify, but not deceive;
 On beauty's fragrant state no more depend,
 Here youth and beauty, age and sorrow, end!
 Here drops the mask!—here shifts the final
 scene!

Nor differs grey threescore, from gay fifteen;
 All press alike to the same goal, the tomb,
 Where wrinkled Laura smiles at Cloc's bloom;
 When coxcombs flatter, and when fools adore,
 Here learn the lesson—to be vain no more.
 Yet virtue still against decay can arm,
 And lead even frail mortality a charm.

THE GENTLEMAN'S SCULL.

WHY start?—The case is yours, or will be soon;
 Some years perhaps—perhaps another moon!
 Life, at its utmost length, is but a breath,
 And those who longest dream, must wake in
 death;
 Like you, I once thought ev'ry bliss secure,
 And gold, of ev'ry ill, the certain cure;

Till

Till steep'd in sorrow, and besieg'd with pain,
 Too late I found all earthly riches vain;
 Disease, with scorn, threw back the sordid fee,
 And Death still answer'd, "What is gold to
 me?"

Fame, titles, honors, next I vainly fought,
 And fools obsequious nurs'd the childish thought,
 Circl'd with brib'd applause and purchas'd praise,
 I built on endless grandeur, endless days;
 Till Death awoke me from my dreams of pride,
 And plac'd a prouder beggar by my side.
 Pleasure I courted, and obey'd my taste,
 The banquet smil'd, and smil'd the gay repast;
 A loathsome carcase was my constant care,
 And worlds were ransack'd, but for me to share;
 Go on, fond man! to luxury stand firm,
 Yet know, I feasted but to feed a worm;
 Already sure less terrible I seem,
 And you, like me, shall own that life's a dream:
 Farewell!—remember!—nor my words despise,
 The only happy, are the early wise.

A.

WRITTEN

W R I T T E N

ON THE FIRST OF SEPTEMBER,

WHEN PARTRIDGE SHOOTING BEGINS.

WHEN the still Night withdrew her sable shroud
 And left these climes, with steps sedate and
 slow ;

While sad Aurora, 'kerchief'd in a cloud,
 With drizzly vapours, hung the mountain's
 brow ;

The wretched bird, from hapless Perdix sprung,
 With trembling limbs, forsook the furrow'd
 plain,

And calling round her, all her list'ning young,
 In falt'ring accents, sung this plaintive strain :

—" Unwelcome morn ! too well thy low'ring
 " mien

" Foretells the slaughter of the approaching
 " day,

" The gloomy sky laments, with tears, the scene,
 " Where rage and terror re-assume their
 sway.

" Ah ! luckless train !—Ah ! fate-devoted race !

" The dreadful tales experience tells, believe ;

" Dark heavy mist, obscure the morning's face,

" But blood, and death shall close the dreary
 " eve ;

" This day fell man, whose unrelenting hate,
 " No grief can soften, and no tears assuage,
 " Pours dire destruction on the feathered state,
 " While pride, and rapine urge his savage
 " rage.
 " I, who ~~scap'd~~ have 'scap'd the impending snare,
 " Ere night arrives, may feel the fiery wounds,
 " In giddy circles quit the realms of air,
 " And stain, with streaming gore, the dewy
 " ground."

—She said—when lo! the pointer winds his
 prey,

The rustling stubble gives the feared alarm;
 The gunner views the covey flit away,
 And rears the unerring tube, with skilful arm.
 In vain the mother wings her whirring flight,
 The leaden death arrests her as she flies;
 Her scattered offspring swim before her sight,
 And, bathed in blood, she flutters, pants, and
 dies.

A.

THE PARTRIDGE,

AN ELEGY.

WHEN sober Evening, clad in silver grey,
 Bade dubious twilight lengthen out the day,
 And balmy dews their genial moisture pour,
 On every drooping plant, and fading flower;

When

When hushed the hum, late echo'd from the
plain,

And homeward trudg'd the weary village train ;
A widowed Partridge, whom the tube of Fate
Had rashly sever'd from her murdered mate,
With fost'ring wings, embrac'd her clustering
young,

And dropped these accents from her plaintive
tongue:

——“ Ah ! luckless lot, that made my love to
“ bleed !

“ And cruel he, who did the barbarous deed,
“ Whose ruffian hand, the dire destruction bore,
“ And tinged the reeking ground with purple
“ gore ;

“ No gardens pilfered sweets my charmer knew,
“ Nor mellow fruitage from the loaded bough ;
“ But picked, content, the refuse of the soil,
“ And called his younglings to an harmless
“ spoil ;

“ When in yon field, accursed, we careful eyed
“ The scanty pittance straggling grains supplied,
“ And sought, where late the yellow harvest
“ stood,

“ The remnant gleanings, for our infant brood ;
“ 'Twas then, unseen, the gunner took his aim,
“ And there alas ! the vengeful ruin came,
“ Impetuous came, and with a sound so drear,
“ As yet the thunder bellows in mine ear ;

- " I view'd the hapless victim as he fell,
" And heard him heave, in sighs, the long fare-
" well;
" On me, a look of tenderness he cast,
" Then beat his fluttering plumes and breath'd
" his last.
" Oh! why do I survive!—why live to mourn
" The treasure lost, which never must return?
" Can I forget, when in that happy hour,
" He led me nestling, to the nuptial bower?
" Can I forget, how oft with cautious wing,
" He onward urg'd me to the pebbly spring;
" Or to the vale, in flow'ry pride array'd,
" Where warblers sung, and wanton zephyrs
" play'd!
" While memory lasts, the retrospective eye
" Shall own—shall weep—the once endearing
" joy—
" Nor you, my babes, will ruthless tyrants spare,
" Now only left, a wretched mother's care;
" Too soon deprived of what your wants require,
" A skilful guide, and an indulgent fire;
" Soon as the dawn shall deck the eastern sky,
" Far, far from hence, on speedy pinions fly;
" The haunts forsake, where desolation reigns,
" And change, for distant isles, these dread
" domains;
" Me, leave behind;—in anguish to deplore,
" What once was mine, but now is mine no
" more;

" Till

“ Till comes the welcome messenger of death,
 “ And ends my sorrows with my latest breath.”

Here ceased the dirge;—the clouds dissolve
 in rain,

Mov'd, and affected by this tragic strain;
 The sympathetic breeze in sadness blows;
 And hoarsely murmurs every stream that flows;
 The Dryads wail, encavern'd in the woods,
 And swell, with grief, the Genii of the floods;
 While wonted notes the tuneful birds forego,
 And chirp responsive, to the tale of woe;
 Stern man alone, more savage than the rest,
 Feels no compassion rising in his breast.

Moor-End.

J. TEASDALE.

THE PARTRIDGES,

AN ELEGY;

WRITTEN ON THE LAST OF AUGUST.

HARD by yon copse that skirts the flow'ry vale,
 As late I walk'd, to taste the evening breeze;
 A plaintive murmur mingled in the gale,
 And notes of sorrow echo'd thro' the trees.

E 3

Touch'd

Touch'd by the pensive sound, I nearer drew,
 But my rude steps increased the cause of pain ;
 Soon o'er my head, the whirring partridge flew,
 Alarm'd—and with her flew an infant train.

But short th' excursion—for unused to play,
 Feebly, the unfledg'd wings th' essay could
 make ;

The parent, shelter'd by the closing day,
 Lodged her lov'd covey, in a neighbouring
 brake.

Her cradling pinions there she amply spread,
 And hush'd the affrighted family to rest ;
 But still the late alarm suggested dread,
 And closer to their feathery friend they press'd.

She, wretched parent ! doom'd to various woe,
 Felt all a mother's hope, a mother's care ;
 With grief foresaw the dawn's impending blow,
 And to prevent it, thus prefer'd her prayer :—

—“ Oh ! thou, who e'en the sparrow dost
 “ befriend,

“ Whose providence protects the harmless
 “ wren ;

“ Thou God of birds ! those innocents defend,
 “ From the vile sport of unrelenting men !

“ For soon as dawn shall dapple yonder skies,
 “ The slaughtering gunner, with the tube of
 “ Fate,

“ While the dire dog the faithless stubble tries,
 “ Shall persecute our tribe with annual hate.

“ Oh !

- " Oh ! may the Sun, unfann'd by cooling gale,
 " Parch, with unusual heat, the undewey
 " ground !
 " So shall the pointer's wonted cunning fail,
 " So shall the sportsman leave my babes
 " unbound.
 " Then shall I, fearless, guide them to the shade;
 " Then shall I see, with joy, their plumage
 " grow ;
 " Then shall I see, fond thought ! their future
 " breed,
 " And every transport of a parent know.
 " But if some victim must endure the dart,
 " And Fate marks out that victim from my
 race ;
 " Strike, strike the leaden vengeance thro' this
 " heart,
 " Oh ! spare my babes—and I'll the death
 " embrace !"

A.

THE COMPLAINT.

THE night was still—the silver moon on high,
 Dappled the mountains from a cloudy sky ;
 Silent as fleecy clouds thro' æther sail,
 Borne on the gently-breathing summer gale ;

So thro' the misty vale, in twilight gray,
 The sleepy waters softly passed away;
 When Lubin, stretched upon a grassy bed,
 Above his dewey pillow raised his head;
 And turning up his melancholy eyes,
 Pour'd out his sorrow to the list'ning skies.

" The daylight breaks!—the dusky shadows fly!

" And clouds turn scarlet in the morning sky!

" Oh! how shall I my poor lost Annette see,

" With frantic looks, which wildly turn on me!

" To distant plains I'll fly the mournful sight;

" No more my fertile fields afford delight;

" My much-lov'd home—my native cot adieu!

" Where lodg'd with peace, my fathers hoary

" grew;

" Farewell! ye oaks, that now with age decline,

" Yet never heard of any grief like mine!

" Farewell my little farm;—my herds; my

" sheep;

" Ye shallow streams, that murmured me to

" sleep;

" I'll climb yon misty hill;—far hence I'll rove,

" Annette, farewell!—farewell the sweets of

" love!

" Now cease my flute;—my sighs no more de-

" part

" In plaintive music, 'from my dying heart."

A.

A
P I C T U R E
OF
DOMESTIC HAPPINESS.

" Oh speak the joy, ye whom the silent tear
" Surprizes often, while you look around,
" And nothing strikes your eye but sights of bliss."

THOMSON.

ON Monday last I made a rural excursion which filled my heart with so many agreeable sensations, that I cannot refrain from communicating them.

I went to spend the day with my friend W—— who has long resided on his own estate, about fifteen miles from London; and arrived in a post chaise at his villa between eleven and twelve. On my alighting at the gate of my friend's neat little edifice, which stands on a smooth green, about an hundred paces from the high road, at the bottom of a wide avenue of tall elms, the servant conducted me into the garden through a winding walk of trees, which formed a canopy with their leaves, thick enough to exclude the

scorching rays of the sun, and only suffer their shadows to dance along the pebbly walk, which the mildest breezes perpetually varied:—The flaunting honey-suckles twined round their knotty stems, while pinks, and lillies, and the taller roses, blushing with unnumbered beauties, peeped between, and scented the air with odoriferous sweets;—at the end of this walk—a pretty long one—there was an arbour, formed by a large spreading oak almost overgrown with ivy, and covered below with jessamine, and the same flowering shrubs which so beautifully variegated the walk;—the inside of this arbour was lined with green paling, as a fence against cold damps;—my friend, and his whole family were seated in it, he with a volume of Rollin's Belles Lettres in his hand, with which he was instructing them, while his wife, and daughters created flowers with their needles, equal in every thing, but fragrance, to those which bloomed around them; and his son, a youth about thirteen, was employed in painting a landscape in water colours.—He 'rose to receive me with that politeness which distinguished the sincere friend from the man of complaisance, and presented me to his lady, and daughters, whom I complimented on the choice of their employments, after having admired the beauty of their work.

“ Indeed,

"Indeed, Sir," said Mrs. W—— "I was afraid you would think we were rather amusing ourselves in a trifling manner, than spending the time usefully; but I can assure you, we only take up these chairs when we have finished our family work, and have nothing else to do; but my little Fanny here, is really doing a laudable action, for she is making caps for the baby of a poor neighbour, who lies in, and is not capable of helping herself."—I looked at, and admired the performance of the lovely little creature, who was not more than eight years old; and upon my telling her how good she was, "Yes, indeed," said her mama, "Fanny knows she was not born for herself alone, but to be serviceable to her friends, and neighbours, and to supply the wants of others by the advantages she has had the happiness to receive from her education.—I gazed with the highest satisfaction at the lovely matron (for Mrs. W—— is still a fine woman) who could thus employ, and at the same time instruct her amiable offspring; I never beheld a more enchanting female groupe; their persons, habits, and attitudes, all conspired to render them the most pleasing objects I ever saw;—they were dressed in pure white, with green silk hats;—the two young ladies had nothing under theirs but their fine hair;—my friend, and his son were elegantly plain, the countenance of the former shone with the approving

proving smiles of a discreet, yet indulgent parent; and on the face of the latter, love, duty, and respect were agreeably blended; health, beauty, and innocence glowed on the features of all; and I could not forbear surveying, for some time, with a delightful silent astonishment, five persons so thoroughly amiable, and so perfectly satisfied with each other. Unconscious that they had any particularities to attract so much admiration, they feared that my silence was occasioned by the fatigue of my sultry journey;—the eldest young lady, who was about fourteen, in obedience to a sign from her mother, left the arbour, but soon returned, followed by a servant with chocolate, and placed a dish of strawberries on a small table, which they heartily pressed me to take, assuring me that they were that morning growing within a few yards of me.—I told my friend I would cheerfully accept of his obliging offer, but desired I might not interrupt his reading:—"No, no, my dear friend," said he, with a smile, "you did not come to hear me read, it is my custom indeed to take up some instructive author for an hour or two in the morning, while my wife and daughters are at their needles, and I commonly use both French and English for the benefit of my young family; I took up a French author just now, in order to accustom my Fanny's ear to that language, while I increased my son's know-

knowledge of the sciences, and was just going to read the Seasons of Thomson, to give him hints for a landscape, and to furnish my wife and daughters with subjects for their needles."

The ladies being withdrawn, I congratulated my friend on the felicity he must enjoy with such a family, in such a situation;—"I am, indeed," said he, "supremely blest in the possession of the kindest, best of wives, and the most deserving children, whom I have not yet been able to part with."—"How!" interrupted I; "does not your son go to some seminary of learning?"—"No! my friend! he has hitherto had only me for his master, and the assistance, now and then, of our rector, a valuable man, respected by all for his piety, and erudition; you seem surprized, but I will give you a short detail of our domestic employments, known only by a few, and by a few only relished.—We all rise in Summer at six, and if the weather is favourable, assemble in the bower in which you found us; there we thank the great Giver of every thing for our present preservation, and implore his farther protection; I choose this spot, because it is airy, and consequently wholesome; and because every spreading leaf, every opening bud, and every pointed thorn, gives evident proofs of his omnipotence, and warms us to devotion; the feathered

thered songsters too, join their gratulations to ours, and swell the chorus of thanksgiving:—when this first act of duty has been performed, I repair with my son to my closet, in which we study for two hours, while my wife and daughters give the necessary orders for the regulation of family affairs, and then we breakfast, either in the bower, or in the back parlour, which serves us for a chapel in wet weather;—then we walk an hour, and after return to our studies, or to some such improving amusements as you found us busied in, till two; at that hour we all separate to prepare for dinner, which is always ready at three. In the afternoon, if we are alone, we commonly have a concert among ourselves till the sun permits us to admire the trees and meadows decorated with its parching rays; after sun-set we walk till nine in the long days, and then take a light supper, conclude, as we began, with adoration, and retire to rest. Thus calmly, thus serenely, do our moments pass; we are compleatly happy, because always disposed to please, and to be pleased with each other;—Mrs. W. and I receive a great deal of solid delight by instructing and improving our children; I have taught my son Greek, Latin, French, music and writing; and my daughters are almost mistresses of the last three, by the assiduity of their mother.

My

My son has also a genius for drawing, which I encourage as much as I can, because I think it an agreeable amusement."—"I believe every syllable of what you say," replied I, "but cannot imagine how you find time."—"I am always teaching my children," said he; "it is my business, my pleasure; as soon as they could articulate their own language, my wife and I constantly spoke French to them, till they learned it; and they have learned every thing else in the same manner, without the pains of drudgery; nor have I kept them entirely from companions, for I am convinced that knowledge of the world, ought to be supplemental to book-knowledge; but my acquaintances are not numerous; I only select a few that will mend, not corrupt the manners of my children; when my visitors are gone, I call my girls and my boy, and make them singly give their opinions freely concerning their behaviour, and tell them, when they censure or approve with too much precipitation; you would smile to hear me read a lecture on a pebble, a bit of moss, a grasshopper, or a cockle-shell;—but I prate too much; my heart overflows;—excuse me, my honest friend, and make allowances for these conjugal, these paternal effusions; I can never set bounds to my loquacity when I talk about my family, such felicity as I enjoy cannot be felt, cannot be talked of, without

without transport."——I shall not repeat the answer I made, it will be easily guessed by the reader of sensibility.—We then returned to the house, and in a cool parlour, adorned with the best maps and prints, and ornamented with a large and valuable library, we sat down to a genteel dinner, though entirely English, which was rendered an exquisite repast, by the cheerful looks and instructing conversation of the family; about five o'clock my friend conducted me, at my particular request, to the music parlour, a room so called, because there is an organ and an harpsichord in it. Mrs W. touched the keys of the first; Miss W. entertained us with a melodious voice; and my friend and his son accompanied them on their violins; their music was from Handel, and I was lost in extacy.—After a considerable time spent in this delightful employment, Mrs. W. was sent for to a sick neighbour; when she was gone, her husband told me, she was the darling and support of the poor.

As it grew late, I began to think of revisiting my own apartment; when I got into the chaise, Miss W. presented me with a basket of fruit, and the pretty innocent Fanny put a nosegay into my hand as blooming as herself; I departed with the greatest reluctance; and as I jumbled

bled into town, at Hyde-park Corner, found every sight, every smell, and every sound disgusting, when compared with the scene I had just left behind me.

A.

ON THE
D E A T H
OF
THE UNFORTUNATE A—— B——.
INSCRIBED TO
HER *HONOURABLE* SEDUCER.

——“There is a sweetness in the very tears of Virtue, preferable to the most pleasurable raptures of Sin.”——

’TWAS at the hour when love-lorn maids
A while forget to weep,
And lose the memory of their woes
In the soft arms of sleep;
That hour, when all but guilt and pain
From misery find retreat;
In glided Arabella’s ghost,
And stood at Henry’s feet.

Her

Her face was like a winter's morn;
 The roses all were fled;
 Pale want and woe were pictur'd there,
 As one that died for bread;
 Poor Arabella! once so gay,
 That sparkled in the ring;
 Whose breath was sweet as morning air,
 Whose face was fresh as spring!
 So fresh, so sweet, 'till faithless man
 Her virtue sought to ensnare;
 Then like a blighted flower she fell
 A victim to despair—

"Awake," she cries—"thy Bella calls,
 "Come from the silent grave;
 "Now hear her injur'd ghost complain,
 "Whose life thou wouldst not save.
 "Why did you say my face was fair;
 "Why blast my honest fame;
 "Yet leave the maiden you betray'd,
 "A prey to grief and shame?
 "Why did you swear my eyes were bright,
 "My lips as rubies red;
 "Yet leave those eyes to weep—those lips
 "To sue in vain for bread?
 "Why did I hear thy flattering tale,
 "Ah! why attempt to please;
 "And why, base man! repay my love
 "With anguish and disease?
 "Why didst thou promise constancy,
 "And yet my arms forsake;

"And

- " And why seduce a faithful heart,
 " Then leave that heart to break?
" Why, when betray'd to want and shame,
 " Thy Bella couldst thou flee;
" And grudge e'en scanty bread to her,
 " Who gave her all to thee?
" No more my eyes can fondly gaze,
 " No more my heart believe,
" No more, base man! thy arts prevail,
 " Thy tongue no more deceive.
" Kind Heaven, in pity to my woes,
 " Bade sin and sorrow cease;
" My tears have wash'd my guilt away,
 " And now I sleep in peace.
" But, oh! for thee what horror waits,
 " Whose arts my steps betray'd!
" Whose hand refus'd to raise from earth,
 " The wretch thyself had made.
" And yet, on me—on me alone,
 " Had Heaven its vengeance spent;
" I own my guilt, tho' hard my fate,
 " And should have died content.
" For say, what further joy on earth
 " Could hapless Bella find;
" When want and woe encompass'd round,
 " And Henry prov'd unkind?
" But, oh! thy cruelty to me,
 " Beneath the load of years,
" Has stain'd my parents cheeks with shame,
 " And steep'd their bed in tears!
 " They

- " They now lament their hapless child ;
 " Their fond affections wake ;
" And imprecate revenge on thee,
 " For Arabella's sake.
" They now my infant days recall,
 " The joys they wont to prove,
" Ere yet my tortur'd bosom knew,
 " The pangs of guilty love.
" All, all to thee ascribe my fate,
 " All, all my wrongs deplore ;
" And pity's voice now echo's round,
 " Where scandal reign'd before.
" For thee, ingrate, I gave up all,
 " Friends, fortune, peace and fame,
" And fondly hop'd within thy arms,
 " To hide the blush of shame ;
" Relentless man ! in fields of war
 " Thou sure hast learn'd the art,
" To make a mockery of woe,
 " And harden thus thy heart ;
" That thou unmov'd my pray'rs couldst hear,
 " Unmov'd my tears couldst see ;
" Whose boundless love was all my crime,
 " At least my crime to thee.
" Hadst thou, inhuman, but been kind,
 " Ere sorrow stopp'd my breath ;
" But shewn a seeming sense of grief,
 " And smooth'd the bed of death ;
" Hadst thou but dropp'd one pitying tear,
 " But given a last adieu,

" My

- " My heart had hugg'd the dear deceit,
" And, dying, own'd thee true;
" But, O! thy niggard hand denied,
" My sinking frame to save,
" And even refus'd—'twas all I ask'd,
" A burial and a grave.
" But see, the morning warns me hence,
" A long and last adieu;
" Come see, base man! how low she lies
" Who died for love to you;
" And, oh! if deeds as black as thine
" Can mercy's boon obtain,
" Heaven shew that mercy, which, from thee,
" Thy Bella fought in vain."

A.

A

SCOTCH ANECDOTE.

AT a time not very remote, when the Duke of Gordon and all the lords of that family were Roman Catholics, a Protestant, not unknown to his Grace, rented a small farm under him near Huntly Castle, and, from whatever cause, had fallen behind in his payments;—a vigilant steward, in the Duke's absence, seized the farmer's

mer's stock for arrears of rent, and advertised it, by the parish cryer, to be sold by auction on a fixed day.

The Duke happily returned in the interval; his tenant, who knew his road, made the best of his way onward to the Duke's apartment, and he was not interrupted, but forwarded in it by the servants, who concluded he came by appointment.—“What is the matter, Donald,” said the Duke, as he saw him enter melancholy?—Donald told his sorrowful tale in a concise, natural manner;—it touched the Duke's heart, and produced an acquittance in form.

Staring with wonder, as he cheerfully withdrew, at the pictures and images, he expressed a curiosity, in his homely way, to know what they were.—“These,” said the Duke, with great condescension, “are the Saints who intercede with God for me.”—“My Lord Duke,” said Donald, “would it not be better to apply directly to God himself?—I went to muckle Sawny Gordon, and to little Sawny Gordon, but if I had not come to your guid Grace's self, I could not have got my discharge, and baith I and my bairns had been harried.”

THE SOLDIERS.

A FRAGMENT.

——“Graceful, in youth, is the tear of sympathy, and the heart that melts at the tale of woe.”——

BLAIR.

——“OUR little arms,” continued Julius, “were nursed with early vigour for the field: for our father, whose bones——

“May every saint bless them, said Nestor!

—— have been reposing more than half a century in different parts of Flanders and Germany, struck first into that mode of training which my brother has adopted. Other people’s children have playthings given them, because forsooth they whimper for them, but we were never allowed so much as a hoop or a top, till we gained it by victory. We knew the difficulty of obtaining the prize, and valued it the more; and thus were fitted for deeds of hardihood, ere other infants had an idea of glory.

Poor creatures! said Nestor’s second son, scornfully.

——We would vault upon the steeds of the menage, before they keep the saddle of their wooden

wooden ponies.—Ripe for practice, we were sent forth at an early age to the field, and both of us entered, as volunteers, in the service of our country.

We did so, said Nestor.

Nature—for which, stupid as I am, I still thank her—gave us no bad forms; and though we took the field with faces as effeminate as our mother's—you were reckoned the very model of her, you know, Nestor)—yet the first campaign left us no room to blush on that score. Our virgin engagement happened in the hottest glow of summer, and we were soon rid of a delicacy which is inglorious on the front of a soldier: Oh! with what pleasure did we contemplate the alterations at our return!—

I remember it, said Nestor, smiling.

—The traits of the mother were quite worn out by the weather;—in every lineament there was seasoning:—The sun had written 'Hero in our countenances, and we rejoiced in the dignity of the tan.

But mark the joke, Sir,—a fantastical pair of wenches pretended to love us in our fair-weather suit of features, before we made the first fall; that is, before we were worth loving; but took it into their heads to quarrel with

our

our appearance the very moment we returned:—they wanted still to see the red and white of a woman, and so took to themselves new paramours—they gave us up, Sir, for a couple of fellows who would shudder at the patter of a hail-storm.

After this, Sir, we had no lazy periods of peace. Some part or other of Europe was continually beating the drum or sounding the trumpet in the ear of England;—it was our duty to go forth in her defence.

Father, said the eldest of the boys, when is it likely we shall have a war?

—My brother, Sir, continued Julius—(who was not put out by any family remarks) my brother, Sir, had the honor of the first misfortune.

You do not call it by the right name, said Nestor.

He triumphed in the first testimony of the warrior.

I am an elder brother, said Nestor, and the first blow was my birth-right.

—But I was soon even with him; for towards the close of the campaign, a random-shot, when I was thinking of nothing less, gave

the fore-fingers of my left-hand to the enemy; in that condition we entered into winter quarters.

But no sooner was my brother cured of the wound in his face——

You may see the mark here, said Nestor.——in his face, than he received one much deeper in his heart.

In his *heart*, cried the youngest of the six sons, clapping his hand on his father's side!—Why, you joke: here it is alive and merry now, I can feel it beat.

God keep it so, answered the eldest! it will be a sore day for us, when that stops, I promise thee.

Give me thy hand, Ferdinand, said Nestor; and, brother, do you go on with your story, for it entertains the gentleman, and his little daughter, and I like to hear it;—you were always good at a story from a child; go on.

——Would you believe it, Sir, that a fellow so sliced, should have the impudence to attack one of the prettiest girls in England?—

In the *world*, you might have said, cried Nestor, shaking his knee.

—Like

—Like a brave boy of the blade he turned his worst side to the wench, and insisted upon her taking the scars as a recommendation ;—

Why they were so, said Nestor, holding his knee still as he spoke.

—In this manner he continued to batter the citadel, which trembled in the bosom of the poor girl ; and in less than a month (no time at all for such a siege) he entered the fair castle of her affections in triumph.

By the blood I have shed, Sir, said Nestor, and the drops which yet flow in my body, Frances was the best and bravest wench that ever lay by the side of a soldier.

Nestor, said Julius, hold your tongue.—His limbs, Sir, were almost constantly on the move—war carried them away ;—what of that ?—His joke was ready. Never mind, Frances (he wou'd say to his wife) I am the winner yet ;—fear nothing ;—were I reduced to my trunk, I should flourish still, my girl.—A soldier, whose children have blood in their veins, is invulnerable ; he is immortal in his sons.

Let us engage, father, said one of the boys eagerly, as he brandished his foil.

Thus would my brother heal up the wounds of the war : be that as it may, wounds are but

ferry things in a family; often has my brother disputed with me on this matter.—“Julius, (would he say) thou art but a half-loyal subject still;—thou givest to thy country the services only of an individual, while I furnish it with the force of a whole family. As an individual thou must soon die; but hadst thou taken care to multiply thyself, as I have done, thou mightest well expect to live and conquer these thousand years.—Brother, brother, it is a false notion;—a soldier ought of all men in his majesty’s dominions the soonest marry; he ought indeed.”—Notwithstanding this, Sir, I could never be prevailed upon;—No!—though an honest girl offered to sling my knapsack across her shoulder, after the loss of my thigh:—to confess the plain truth to you, I did not like certain ceremonies betwixt my brother and sister at their partings. Frances indeed wept but little, but, in my opinion, she *looked* a much deeper sorrow than is to be expressed by a pair of wet eyes;—

Nestor hemm’d violently.

—And as to my brother, though he cocked his hat fiercely—pretended to have caught cold—rubbed up his accoutrements—and blustered mighrily, he never was steadily himself;—and how should he—for a week after.—These things, Sir, are against the grain;—the brush of a bullet is nothing at all—it may take off
your

your head, or it may only take off your hat; either way no great matter;—but the cries of a woman—the piercing agonies of a wife, to come across one's thoughts in the last moments—No, Sir!—no! there is no bearing that;—I will live, and die a bachelor!

But this is not the worst, Sir.—Death sometimes comes at the bottom of the account to unfoldier a man. He knocked at brother Nestor's door, and carried Frances away, while she was nursing him of a fever, into which he was thrown by the pain of a wound;—Oh! that was terrible, Nestor; was it not?

Terrible! said Nestor, turning his head from the company.

She died suddenly.—Courage! said I, brother.—He waved his hand, but spoke not.—Brother, said I, have courage.—Fool! replied he, in a passion—(if he had called me so in cold blood, I would have had him out)—Fool! said he (in a way that one could not but forgive him, stamping his foot on the ground at the same time)—am I, thinkest thou, before God Almighty, or the enemy?—What has courage to do before him?—Thou shouldst tell me to be patient.—I said no more, for the poor Frances lay dead before his eyes; and there being but one bed of any size, the living and the dead lay together.

Child, said Nestor to the little girl his daughter, (who was sobbing at the side of the bed, with her apron thrown over her eyes)—come hither, thou art like thy mother—kiss me.

Nestor, continued Julius, tied the crape round his arm; his soul was in mourning. He gave Frances to the earth. Decency—

Go no farther, said Nestor.

—Decency required *my* attendance, Sir; my poor Nestor shed then the first tears I saw upon his cheek.—O! he was melted down into something softer than his mother!—He wanted to prevent the man from striking the nails into the coffin.

Julius, go no farther, I say, cried Nestor, pressing his little daughter close to his breast.

I wish my uncle would hold his tongue, said one of the boys.

—He opened the closed lid, and peeped in, (continued Julius); he cast a lingering look into the grave;—he drew his hand gently over the coffin, as the Sexton was beginning to lower it; he kneeled down to see that it was put softly into the ground.—He let it go, and said he was perfectly resigned—then came away, and returned;—then went off a second time, and sought the grave again, wringing his hands,
and

and declaring he was perfectly resigned all the time.

"Wilt kill me, Julius?" said Nestor; "stop, I say!"

—In short, Sir, he—he—he did so many things upon that occasion, that surely if a man has any love for a woman, he ought to be a batchelor.

* * * * *

After the engagement, the solemn thoughts again came on; Julius rubbed his face twice or thrice along the pillow, and declared that while the wind continued in that point, his old aches would twinge him a little.

And in this hospital, Sir, we are now laid up for life, said Julius.

He rubbed his face again upon the pillow.—
"Well," said he, rising, "every dog has his day!"

Upon this Nestor began to whistle—not one of those tunes which arises from vacancy, but a whistle truly contemplative; it was more slow and pensive as he proceeded, and in its closing cadence a tear started from his eyes, streaming almost to the border of the upper lip; it settled there, and though, as he waved his head backwards and forwards, it trembled upon the edge of his cheek, it did not fall.

When he had opened the door, I stole an opportunity to put something into his hand.

He took it, as money ought to be taken by a brave and worthy man, who wants assistance, and sees no shame in receiving it;—a sober smile came into his countenance, but the tear continued.

His daughter's hand was still closed in his; she looked at the tear, and was taking out her handkerchief.

Let it alone, my dear, said Nestor.—It is your mother's.

How are the Carabines to be envied, said I, when we were stepping into the street!

You flatter us, said Nestor, bowing gently; I went two paces, and turned back;—the tear had verged off, possibly while he was bowing.

It had got upon my little girl's face, and there it hung like a dew-drop from a rose-bud.

A.

ON

ON LEAVING EDEN-BANKS.

INSCRIBED TO MRS. B——.

YE sacred maids, who on the lofty top
Of Pindus dwell, and wake the living lyre;
Ye, who assist the heaven-born soul to soar
Angelic heights, where mortals never stray'd!

Ye, whom the bard, thro' ev'ry diff'rent age,
Fir'd with the hope of never-dying fame,
And deep retir'd within some favour'd shade,
Have woo'd your aid to animate his theme!—

Once more, ye tuneful Nine, assist the song!
Give the harmonious pensive strain to flow
In gentlest concert, with the murmuring stream!

Adieu, sweet scenes!—the destin'd hour draws
near,

The parting moment will too soon arrive!

Adieu!—a pause ensues—a sigh succeeds—

A sigh how just—which Nature, Friendship,
claims!

Ye walks o'er-arch'd with venerable trees,
Whose kindred boughs, in close embraces join'd,
Exclude the fervid, piercing, noon-tide ray;
How oft within your cool recesses laid

On the green moss, fair Nature's downy bed,
 Pleas'd have I listen'd to the varied notes,
 Untaught, and wild, which warbled thro' the
 grove?

Melodious concert, from a thousand throats,
 All in harmonious, melting, music join'd;
 Unseen from ev'ry bush, from ev'ry brake,
 The sweet musician pour'd his artless strain,
 Whilst close at hand, in shadiest covert hid,
 The stock-dove breath'd her soft responsive coo.

Far from these scenes, ye guardians of her
 peace,

Bear the fond maid, whose inexperienc'd heart
 Feels all the tender languishment of love;
 Let her not pensive stray beneath these shades,
 Their dangerous influence will too soon be felt,
 The sighing breeze will fan the hidden flame,
 The murmuring stream will steal her from her-
 self,

And, tho' far distant from the favour'd youth,
 His voice is heard, or fancied in the gale.

Ah! bear her hence, to gayer, busier scenes,
 Where Fancy may, in various objects, lose
 The soft impression;—where the tender thought
 Cannot find room;—and Hope and Fear at once
 Are sooth'd to sleep;—such magic has the world!

For Love's pure nature shuns the public eye,
 Avoids the gazing croud, and seeks the shade;

Is timid—cautious—sparing of her charms,
Perhaps, as conscious of her dignity,
Her high descent, and kindred to the skies.

Hail! beauteous form—much injur'd goddess,
hail!

How vilely prostituted is thy name!
And hallow'd altars, by the breath of man,
Profan'd with vows impure?—thy sacred name
The miser's tongue pronounces, whilst his heart
Adores the golden idol, not the maid.

But, ah! ye fair!—whose gentler souls are
form'd

By Nature's hand, in a far softer mould!
You, in whose hearts the nobler elegance
Of feminine refinement ought to dwell;
(A delicate distinction)—generous scorn
This low, illiberal, and ill-judging pride;
Shall your eyes, dazzled by the glare of wealth,
The pomp of shew, the gaudy charms of state,
O'erlook the want of ev'ry valu'd grace;
Shall merit plead in vain, shall humble worth,
Courting your favor, be with scorn repuls'd?
Has intellectual beauty then no charms
To win your hearts?—Forbid it, female fame!
Forbid it, ev'ry virtue in the soul!
Give not your hand, where merit cannot claim
Each tender soft engagement of the heart;
Pause ere you fix, and from experience learn,

Wisdom

Wisdom unbought with woe ;—where others
err'd ;

Be cautious—not secure ;—so may ye find
The sober, serious, certainty of joy.

But wherefore wanders thus the artless muse,
Beyond the limits of her first design,
These verdant lawns, or close embow'ring shades?

Recall'd at once, I seek the flow'ry field,
Where the fair goddess of the youthful year,
Throws wide her beauties with a lib'ral hand,
Of form unmindful—in confusion sweet,
And graceful, tho' in negligence array'd,
Here oft, when evening's softening shades pre-
vail,

And the mild breeze, in whispers dies away ;
Here let me wander, lost in pensive thought,
Or in the present, unembitter'd hour,
(Calm, and unruffled as the verdant scene
Before my eyes) lose ev'ry sense of pain.
Each retrospective view of former ills,
Not sent at random, but for wisest ends,
By Him who weighs the cause and the effect,
The future and the past ;—Omniscient mind !
Who sees and knows—permits, and gives the
best.

'Tis sweetness round ;—my raptur'd senses
catch

'The balmy fragrance ;—from ten-thousand flow-
ers,

Or blooming shrubs, the aromatic gale
 Steals blended odours.—No distinct perfume
 Salutes the sense; 'tis mingled, and combin'd
 With more than chymic art;—great Nature
 lends

Her different treasures, cull'd from ev'ry flower
 That scents the morn, or rears its beauteous
 head,

To meet the orient sun's prolific ray.

Thine is the work!—all bounteous Nature
 thine!

Thro' thy great Author's unexhausted source
 Of goodness infinite!—all-perfect mind
 Uncomprehended by the clouded souls
 Of Adam's sons, if uninspir'd by thee;
 Enough for us, to know thy boundless power
 No limits knows;—thy wisdom, mercy, love,
 Unequall'd all;—and knowing that, adore
 Thy sovereign sway, nor with presumption dare
 To scan thy actions, canvas thy decrees,
 Or, vainly wise, investigate thy laws.

Unseen thy hand pours lib'ral blessings round;
 In verdure cloaths the earth; with fragrance
 fills

The flowery meads;—the whole creation smiles
 By thy permission;—and at this mild hour,
 (So wills thy goodness) in this fair retreat
 No breath of air blows unperfum'd with sweets.

From

From hence the eye untir'd, traverses wide
 The boundless prospect, and delighted roves
 O'er water, plains, and verdant waving woods,
 To where the distant Caledonian hills,
 In sweet perspective, half-way meet the clouds.
 Can here the Muse recall, without a sigh,
 (A sigh which millions claim) those dreadful
 scenes,

When War, fell tyrant, foe to human race,
 Lawless and bold, in ev'ry horror clad,
 Spread desolation o'er these peaceful plains?
 The affrighted peasant, left in dire dismay
 His toil unfinish'd;—and the shining plough,
 Suspended midway in the fruitful field,
 Was left to rust inactive in the glebe;
 Then rural pleasure vanish'd, and the voice
 Of mirthful joy (which true to Nature's touch
 In ev'ry note untutor'd by vain art)
 No more was heard;—the festive, jocund train,
 With harmless merriment, or sprightly dance,
 No longer crown'd the fair autumnal eve.

But now no longer torn by hostile broils,
 Foreign invasions, or domestic feuds,
 Fair Caledonia mourns her valiant sons
 Untimely slain;—her cities and her towns
 In ashes laid;—with other eyes she views
 This heaven-distinguish'd isle, and justly claims
 Protection, concord, harmony, and peace.
 United interests in one chain combin'd,

And

And strong cemented for the general weal;
 Her mountains freshen, and her fruitful fields
 Once more look green, while yellow harvest
 waves,
 In graceful motion o'er the cultur'd plains.

Immense the prospect spreads on ev'ry hand,
 And various scenes still hold the raptur'd mind
 In sweet suspense;—unskilful where to fix
 The eye, or fixing, not repent the choice,
 So wide the landscape, and so beauteous all.
 Hill above hill arise in order rang'd,
 From east to west, a long extended chain;
 While high above the rest, in tow'ring pride,
 Fair * *Skiddaw's* cloud-capp'd summit, half con-
 ceal'd

In azure glory, meets the astonish'd sight;
 Like some fair queen, amid her virgin train,
 Of height majestic, and superior grace
 Distinguished from the rest, so she amidst
 Her sister hills, lifts her exalted head
 In grandeur awful;—Heav'n's own brightness
 crowns
 Her lofty brow, or veils it from our eyes.

But wherefore dwells the artless strain so long
 On these dear shades, the sweet retreats of joy?
 Why lingers thus my heart—why do I pause
 On ev'ry object, soon to take its flight?

* A lofty mountain in Cumberland.

Endear'd

Endear'd by parting, ev'ry well-known scene
 Becomes more pleasing;—sweeter blows the
 gale,
 And richer tints o'erspread the blushing flowers;
 With lovelier verdure crown'd the smiling meads,
 More fragrant Nature's lap—more soft the notes
 Of yon sweet warblers, from the neighb'ring
 grove.

Like Eve, condemn'd to quit fair Eden's soil,
 Her seat of bliss!—I sigh o'er ev'ry charm,
 Reluctant sigh, unwilling to depart;
 Yet not like her (let that reflection sooth
 The present pain)—not hopeless of return.

MARIA.

BERTRAM AND MATILDA.

“THE morning drinks my husband's blood;

“Go, Page, (Matilda cries)

“Haste to the holy Anselm's cell,

“And bid the hermit rise.”

He came;—but when, with hands uprais'd,

And kneeling on the ground,

Bent o'er her sleeping babe, in tears

The sorrowing fair he found;

With

With kindred sorrow torn long time,

The reverend hermit stands;—

“ Say, Lady, whence thy grief—and why,

“ To Heaven, these lifted hands?”

“ The morning drinks my husband's blood,

“ By doom unjust he dies;

“ Bound in the dungeon's dreary cell,

“ The prison'd Bertram lies.

“ O! Father! by our Saviour's cross,

“ Which guards thy holy breast!

“ By him, whose bosom bled for all

“ Receive my sad request!

“ Grant, in thy sacred garb disguis'd,

“ To seek the dungeon's cell;

“ Receive a husband's kils of death,

“ And sigh a last farewell.”

“ Yes! Lady, take my hermit's dress,

“ My prayers and blessings take;

“ The Power, whose bosom bled for all,

“ Will ne'er thy truth forsake.”

Veil'd in the reverend father's hood,

She fought the prison round;

“ 'Tis Bertram's flinty bed—and fast

“ His eyes in sleep are bound.

“ Is this the bed of guilt?—Such rest

“ Ne'er sooth'd a traitor's sense;

“ Such is the rest of virtue—such

“ The sleep of innocence!”

Awaken'd

Awaken'd by the glimmering lamp,
 He saw the father stand;
 And thrice he kiss'd the extended cross,
 And press'd the trembling hand.

" O! father, mourn not o'er the scene
 " Which soon in death will close;
 " Mourn where each lengthen'd hour of life,
 " Prolongs a widow's woes.

" Watch o'er an orphan child;—and sooth
 " A mother's woes to rest;"——
 —Matilda clasps her Bertram's neck,
 She sinks upon his breast.

" Thy hour of death is mine;—I come
 " Resolv'd to share thy doom;
 " The morning's light which sees thee fall,
 " Shall guide me to the tomb."

" Oh! by our tender pledge of love
 " Avert the dire design!"——
 " Our joys were one;—one be our fate;
 " Thy hour of death be mine."

At day-break from his bed, enrag'd
 The watchful Richard flies;——
 " Lead out the victim to his fate,
 " E'en now the traitor dies."

Encirc'd by the murmuring croud
 The monarch press'd the throne;
 No eye, save his, refus'd a tear,
 No breast, save his, a groan.

When

When flow the sad procession mov'd,
The minister of fate
Came first;—his right-hand bore aloft,
The axe's ponderous weight.

The hermit next—wrapt in the hood,
With faltering footsteps went;
His arms were cross'd low towards the earth,
His looks were downward bent.
Bare-headed last—with mein erect,
The dauntless Bertram came;
Unmov'd he gaz'd on all;—no fear
Could shake the warrior's frame.

“Now strike the blow”—Firm on the block
His guiltless neck he laid;
The naked axe, uplifted high,
Hung trembling o'er his head.

“Hence, vain disguise,”—Matilda cried;
“One little moment stay;”—
With eager haste, she instant cast
The friar's garb away.

Down her white breasts that wildly heav'd,
Her hair luxuriant hung;
“Now strike the blow;”—O'er Bertram's neck
Her snowy arms she flung.

“One death shall end us both.”—“No, live,”
The wondering Richard cries;
“To life—to liberty—to fame,
“Thy monarch bids thee rise.”—

THOUGHTS IN SOLITUDE.

WRITTEN IN A WOOD.

——“ IF ever a propitious Providence shall guide a heart that has strayed from the paths of Reason and Virtue to this sacred retirement, let it listen in all the reverence of the profoundest attention, to the solemn eloquence of Solitude :—and may the gentle admonition awake its feelings, and quicken its approach to repentance and obedience !”

S. F.

HOW delightful is this sweet retreat ! under the shade of this spreading oak, by the side of this brawling brook, I will contemplate the amazing system of wonders, which my God has so lavishly poured round this sequestered spot ! —Oh ! what a sacred silence reigns ! not a leaf moves !—the winds are hushed !—methinks the great spirit of nature seems to solace itself in these peaceful shades unknown to man.—Here I will renew my aspirations to the ever present Deity ; I will here contemplate the amazing works of the great God of heaven and earth, and endeavour, by so doing, to excite in my heart those devout affections which are the very essence

essence of praise. And indeed if we are sincerely resolved on this most delightful duty, of praising the infinite Creator, the means, and the motives are always at hand.—His works present themselves every moment in a wonderful and instructive manner, with amazing manifestations of the most transcendent excellencies of their Maker;—They pour their evidence from every quarter;—I taste his goodness in the melting peach;—I smell his sweetness in the new-blown rose;—I hear his harmony in the nightingale's song;—but chiefly, the magnificent system of the universe, invites me to contemplate the consummate wisdom and execution of his inimitably perfect power, to which nothing is impossible; and goodness, which extendeth to all, and endureth for ever.

But say, my soul, which shall I most admire, his most unceasing liberality in this profusion of his works, or their amazing beauty which is the summit of all elegance?

- " And yet, was every falt'ring tongue of man,
- " Almighty Father! silent in thy praise!
- " Thy works themselves, would raise a general
- " voice;
- " Even the depth of solitary woods,
- " By human foot untrod, proclaims thy power;
- " And to the choir celestial, thee resound,
- " Th' eternal cause, support, and end of all."

Sweet

Sweet solitude!—Here I can unburthen my soul, and pour it out before my God!—here I can discover how insufficient, how ineffectual to make happy, are the vain, the childish pursuits of this simple thing, the world:—Here I can have leisure to estimate things as they really are, stript of their painted cheat.

“How very trifling now appears,

“The train of idle hopes and fears

“Which varying life attend?”

—Here I can plainly perceive the dazzling colours which attract the gazing eye of the vulgar;—but alas! their empty forms pass like shadows before the eye of reason.—Here I can see the poverty of the rich, who are busy in exchanging their eternal happiness for the most contemptible trifles;—here I can divest myself of the errors and false lights that lead astray poor mortals, mistaken in their wrong conception of happiness;—and here I can enjoy that sweet peace, which in the exalted language of the poet,

“Goodness bosoms ever;—and Wisdom,

“While, with her best nurse, Contemplation,

“Prunes her feathers, and lets grow her wings,

“That in the various bustle of resort

“Were all too ruffled, and sometimes impair’d.”

—What

—What is there upon earth, my soul, that can tempt thee to forget this sweet retirement?—How vain, how trifling are the usual subjects of conversation: the lie of the day; the idle surmises of men on the state of politics, or the improvement of their wealth; an account of the last new play;—the last new actress on the stage;—or whether such, or such a lady of quality, has rendered herself most unhappy, or most infamous?—These, alas! are the usual topics of the gay world;—this is polite conversation!—Truth is banished, and the sweet peace, the cement of society, is utterly exploded.

“Fair Innocence! whence pleasure borrows

“taste,

“Daughter of Virtue! whither art thou fled?

“To what calm cottage, to what blameless

“shade,

“Far from this guilty world?”

Ye holy souls of the just and good! great saints on earth, who have resolution sufficient to despise the vain splendor of this distracted world!—How happy are your lives! Felicity is all your own, who with a noble indifference can look calmly on the allurements of fleeting pleasure: How dear in the sight of God are your tears of penitence! How precious in his sight, who sees the heart, are the solitary sighs
with

with which ye pierce the merciful ears of your Redeemer, whose steps ye follow, and with whom ye daily converse? O that I might be permitted to partake of that sacred peace!—that I might have grace sufficient to enjoy those divine contemplations that are the chief consolation of your pure minds! like you, that I could triumph over afflictions! smile on disappointments! despise hardships, and the severest trials, when they stand in the way to oppose my duty! that I could welcome distress, and even pain and poverty, when I know it is the allotment of that Providence, who orders every dispensation with a goodness which exceedeth all things, with a vigilance which endureth for ever! at least I will (frail worm as I am) offer my humblest praise: and may my solitary song find acceptance!—The rising sun;—the radiant heat of noon;—the mild beams of the same great luminary; with the last departing gleam of the grey twilight; shall ever, I trust, find me in this sweetest of all employments, that of humble gratitude to my God, ascending in joyful adoration from this delicious spot, sacred to peace and solitude;—I said solitude—but am I then alone? Oh! no!

“Millions of spiritual creatures walk the earth;
 “Both when we wake, and when we sleep;
 “Hymning their great Creator.”

—Perhaps

—Perhaps I may, at this moment, be furround-
ed with numbers of the same celestial order,
who, with voices more than human, the ab-
stracted ear of Fancy strike;—

—“Be not of us afraid,
“Poor kindred man! thy fellow-creatures we;
“From the same Parent-power our beings
“drew;
“The same our Lord—our laws—our great
“pursuits;

“Onte some of us, like thee, thro’ stormy life
“Toil’d, tempest-beaten, ere we could attain
“This holy salm;—this harmony of mind,
“Where peace, and purity in mingle charms. O
“Then fear not us;—but with responsive song,
“Amid these dim recesses, undisturb’d
“By noisy folly, and discordant vice,
“Of Nature sing, and nature’s God;
“Here frequent at the visionary hour,
“When musing midnight reigns, or silent noon,
“Angelic harps are in full concert heard.”

—O great reward of solitude! may I ever be
thus secluded from the world, and its pretended
pleasures, if I can, in idea, enjoy the blessed
society of the spirits of the just made perfect.

Wonderfully fine is that beautiful allegory of
our blessed Saviour retiring into the wilderness;

he was tempted indeed, but he overcame: and how glorious was his triumph!

“Behold! angels came, and ministered unto him!” We read too, of his withdrawing from society into a mountain to pray:—Oh! ye rich! ye mighty! ye would forsake your glories, your titles, your earthly interests; if you knew the sacred delight which attends even one hour of solitary communion with your God!

O ye blessed! ye retired hours! why fly you so swiftly away? why, so hasty to be gone? are ye then like other pleasures, short and transient? O that you were eternal! that I might be perpetually sequestered from the idle train of amusements, from the fleeting pleasures of this vain world!—then would I

“Steal from the degenerate crowd

“And woo lone Quiet in her silent walks.”

But see!—where to complete this glorious scene of natural beauties, the moon appears chequering through yon avenue of lofty oaks, rising in “clouded majesty.”—Hail! sweet queen of solemn musing! and now the plaintive nightingale, tunes her melodious song of evening praise.—Now too, the weary woodman whistles through yon blooming field of beans, as home he peaceful goes to hail his tender wife and kiss his babes.

I too

I too must leave ye, dear and peaceful shades !
 —Adieu !—and when I meet with a rough path
 in my passage through life, I shall think of the
 sweet tranquillity of R——— May the peace
 of God dwell here !

“ Oh ! then whose power o’er moving worlds
 “ presides

“ Whose voice created, and whose wisdom
 “ guides !

“ On darkling man in pure effulgence shine ;

“ And cheer the clouded mind with light divine.

“ Tis thine alone, to calm the pious breast

“ With silent confidence, and holy rest ;

“ From thee, great God ! we spring, to thee

“ we tend,

“ Path, motive, guide, original and end !”

A N H Y M N,

-SUNG BY THE LATE

-KING OF PRUSSIA AND HIS ARMY,

BEFORE THE

BATTLE OF THE 5TH OF NOVEMBER, 1757.

LOOK down O God! regard my cry;

On thee, my hopes depend;

I'm close beset without ally,

Be thou my shield and friend!

Confederate kings, and princes league

On every side attack;

To perpetrate the black intrigue,

But thou canst drive them back.

Long did I bear their wink and nod;

In close cabals they cried,

"There is no help for him in God,

"His kingdoms we'll divide."

Amid their army's dreadful glare

Thou gavest me inward might,

Teaching my arm the art of war,

My fingers how to fight.

Tho' veteran troops my camp invest,

Expert in war's alarms;

Calmly I lay me down to rest,

In thy protecting arms.

Nor

Nor will I fear their empty boasts,
 Tho' thousands, thousands join,
 Since thou art filed the "God of Hosts,"
 And victory, it is thine.
 Arise O God! and plead my cause;
 O save me by thy power!
 If e'er I reverenc'd thy laws,
 Guide this important hour!
 'Tis done;—they shudder with dismay,
 My troops maintain their ground;
 Lo! their embattled lines give way,
 And we are victors crown'd
 Success, ye kings! is not your gift,
 To Heaven it does belong;
 "The race is not always to the swift,
 "Nor battle to the strong."

W I N T E R P I E C E .

T O F R I E N D S H I P .

—Here I am, my dear friend, enjoying
 my sweet cot in its winter garb. To genuine
 lovers of nature, every season has its charms;
 for though the pendant icicles hang on the lowly
 roof; though most of the trees have shed their
 leafy honours; though the broad river, and

shallow brook, are become a glossy substance; though the feathered tribe—(save the household red-breast) have ceased to warble; yet the fire blazes with an inviting warmth, the evergreens look with a more vivid green, the hawthorn berries glow with a more lovely scarlet, and, to crown all—I can spare a crust to houseless poverty.—Wonder not then that I at times enjoy my situation with a degree of enthusiasm, which inspires me thus, to address myself to Friendship.

Dread Winter rules, and o'er the ravag'd plain
The whistling whirlwind, and the tempest
 roar;

Deep sounding caves re-echo back the strain,
And the hoarse murmur creeps along the
 shore.

No sportive lambs frisk o'er the verdant lawn,
Or bleat responsive to the echoing vale;
No more fresh breezes scent the breath of morn,
Or balmy fragrance lead the evening gale:

“No mark of vegetable life is seen,

“No bird to bird repeats his tuneful call;

“Save the dark leaves of some rude evergreen,

“Save the lone redbreast on the moss-grown

“wall.”

Mute every voice that warbled thro' the grove,
Melodious concert! harmony of sound!

Silent the flock-dove's tender tale of love,

And one sad dreary prospect reigns around.

Ah!

Ah! sad transition from the late loved scene,
 When beauteous May led on the smiling hours,
 And nature decked the velvet vexted green
 With the rich fragrance of unnumber'd flowers.
 Yet to fond fancy's raptur'd eye shall rise
 Each former scene, in heightened beauty
 Aurora's charms shall paint the orient skies,
 And blushing crimson tinge the glowing west.
 Ideal bliss! without thy soothing aid,
 Midst scenes of care, how oft would drop
 the heart
 Without thy veil, the ills of life to shade,
 How deep their anguish, and how keen their
 smart.
 Whether the purple morn with earliest hues,
 Or noontide radiance, or the closing day,
 When e'er the plains descend the fresh'ning dews,
 And balmy gales, half-slumbering, cease to
 play,
 Whether thy stream, fair Eden! gently glide,
 Or discomposed by floods impetuous roll;
 Whether, when deeply musing on thy side,
 It soothes to peace, or agitates the soul;
 Yet still thro' shades, where more than Eden
 blooms
 Shall fancy rove in happiest visions blest;
 Feel the mild breeze, inhale the rich perfumes,
 And dream o'er scenes in charms romantic
 drest.

What though the tempests roar, the thunders
roll,

And gathering clouds obscure the solar ray ;

Virtue's mild radiance, shall illumine the soul,

And heaven-born Truth shall beam the mental-
day.

Shall we make joy dependant on an hour,

Or to those transient scenes confine our view ?

Too short the period lodged within our power,

Too frail the fleeting objects we pursue.

Are there no roses blooming in the breast,

Whose fragrance wintry storms can ne'er
destroy ;

No hoarded sweets—no lov'd attachment drest,

By Hope's kind hand, in all the robes of joy ?

Yes—*Friendship*, beauteous form ! unwounded
lives,

Her sacred influence all the soul inspires,

Dear to the heart are all the joys she gives,

Still undiminished burn her heavenly fires.

Hail ! goddess hail ! to thee shall altars rise,

And incense sweet, with votive gifts be paid ;

Around thy shrine shall blush unnumber'd dyes,

And verdant myrtles yield a grateful shade,

Never didst thou the harden'd bosom melt,

The sordid breast was ne'er thy favourite
throne,

But love and pity, bloom'd where'er thou dwelt,

And each fair virtue's mild effulgence shone.

Thro'

Thro' every changeful scene, each varying hour;
Thro' winter's storms, and summer's verdant
bloom,

Thy ever soothing, animating power,
Gilds every hope with pleasure yet to come.

MARIA.

Rockcliff.

INSCRIPTION

IN A

COUNTRY CHURCH-YARD.

AT Littlebury, in the county of Essex, is a pleasing singularity.—The church-yard is completely surrounded by a walk, on each side of which is a plantation of shrubs, and borders of flowers; allusive to this circumstance, the following lines are inscribed over the church door.

Serve God and rejoice!

The moral perfections of the soul;

The virtues of the rational mind,

Touched by the rude hand of death;

May perhaps,

Like the flowers of evening, close for a time

Their yet imperfect forms;

G-5

But

But the gloomy night and darkness of the grave

Shall quickly pass:

The morning of the resurrection shall arise:

Then shall they expand their fragrant blossoms

Beneath the influence of brighter suns,

And flourish in the possession

Of an eternal day.

LETTER TO A FRIEND.

THERE needed no apology, my amiable friend, for mentioning a subject in your letter, which, though affecting, must ever be dear;—there are sorrows, which after the lenient hand of Time has a little softened their poignancy, the mind feels a sort of mournful pleasure to indulge; such are those, above all others, which the remembrance of a dear departed friend will occasion:—It is true, if the wound be recent, reflection will often make it bleed afresh; yet surely even in this case there is a consolation which mingles itself even with our very tears; the firm persuasion that all suffering and sorrow are over with the dear deceased;—that those heart-rending anxieties, which the good and virtuous are sometimes allotted to suffer in this proba-

probationary scene, are for ever at an end;—that they are entered on that rest which is perfect and undisturbed:—Oh! my friend! these are sources of infinite consolation and almost convert the tears of sorrow into those of grateful joy!

With regard to my late dear sister, this is surely, in a particular manner, the case. There is nothing to be lamented in her death; but the loss we have sustained;—the blameless tenor of her whole life;—her patient suffering under its severest pressures, with the pious resignation of her last moments;—these furnish us with abundant cause for consolation and comfort:—they leave not a doubt on the mind, that death was indeed to her, a *"crown of glory."*

Never, my friend, may I forget the peaceful conclusion to which I was a witness!—though for many preceding hours the conflict had been painful indeed, yet the moment of her departure seemed a moment, in which all suffering was suspended.—Ah! my friend! is it not perfectly consistent with every just idea of infinite goodness, to believe, that at this awful period, the virtuous soul rises superior to the pains, and perils of death;—that it seems to drop the robe of mortality a moment before its dismissal hence, and to commence an inhabitant of Heaven, even whilst on earth?

To us, who surround the death-bed of a departing friend, and behold death thus divested of all its usual terrors;—to us, what comfort, as well as instruction does the awful scene present!—To feeble Nature in its last painful conflict, Religion, and the hope it inspires, can alone give serenity and composure.—No human aid;—no attachment, however dear, can offer a support;—at that moment the soul, conscious of her own divine original, feels that every thing less than divine assistance, is too little. To us, therefore, who are permitted to be the witnesses of a conclusion so full of peace, what an incentive does it furnish for a steady perseverance in the practice of that virtue, which can alone bring us to it?

May every salutary effect which these awful lessons would teach us, be answered! the period which will set these important concerns in their strongest light, is hastening fast upon us;—yet a little while, and the recent tear which we have dropped over others, shall be repaid us back; to every human connection this signature is affixed—“They shall be dissolved.”—Names the most dear and interesting to the heart, shall be remembered no more;—but I carry this affecting idea perhaps too far.

Such, my dear friend, are the conditions of human nature; and let us not repine at, or think

think them hard;—they are not the impositions of a severe and rigorous judge, but a mild and merciful father.—He to whom the imperfections of human nature is best known, knows likewise what kind of discipline is best adapted to it;—if to us it should ever, at any time appear severe, let us suppress every regret that might arise in the consciousness that it is He who orders or permits every thing that can happen.—That the fabric of human felicity, though precarious at the best, is yet liable to no accidents which he hath not the power to controul.

MARIA.

Carlisle, Nov. 1781.

ON THE

DEATH OF A BELOVED SISTER.

INCLOSED IN THE FOREGOING.

"Remembrance oft shall thee restore,

"For thee, the tear be duly shed;

"Belov'd, till life can charm no more,

"And mourn'd, till pity's self be dead."

COLLINS.

OH! early lost!—yet shall the pitying muse
Thy rescued name redeem;—and from the shade
Of dark oblivion, call thy virtues forth!

Sorrow's slow step, shall to thy recent grave
 Point out the path, o'er which affection's tear,
 Warm as it gushes down the pallid cheek,
 Shall frequent fall.—The monumental bust,
 The storied urn, has no record so true
 As memory's bleeding bosom.—This recalls
 Thy gentle virtues, thy unequal'd worth,
 Thy patient sufferings;—and to future times
 Points out the bright example.—Worth untry'd
 Is gold, or dross;—but from affliction's fire
 It comes out sterling ore.—Oh! round her grave,
 “Ye good distress’d”—who drink the bitterest
 draughts.

Of mingled sorrows—(bitterer, as they flow
 From whence your joys should spring)—O! hither
 come!

And see the peaceful bed where virtue sleeps,
 From every sorrow free!—How ill-exchang'd
 For this wou'd be the thorny path she trod!

Into this sacred dwelling no rude step
 Shall e'er intrude;—no agonizing pang,
 Of heart corroding grief, shall e'er be felt!
 Whence then those streaming tears?—oh! why
 that throb

Affection's bosom feels!—’Tis Nature's voice;
 Her genuine voice of woe, that thus complains;
 She mourns thy early doom—thy faded form,
 By sorrow's hand despoiled of every grace,
 Still rises to her view;—those silent tears,
 Which wash'd the bloom of beauty from thy
 cheeks,

Fall not unheeded;—He, whose eye surveys
From Heaven's high throne, to earth's remotest
verge,

That suffering Virtue, which himself permits
To be severely tried;—he shall reward
Thy long enduring patience, and restore
Thy faded form, in beauty's loveliest garb
Again array'd;—thy unassuming worth,
Which sought no praise but that which conscience
gives

In silent gratulations;—shall receive
Its highest plaudit;—to surrounding worlds,
Thy fair unspotted fame shall be proclaim'd;
Thy patient sufferings too—which in life's bloom,
Gave thee an early martyr to the grave,

Oh! early lost!—yet therefore thus returns
The strain of pensive sorrow? Life's great end
May be accomplish'd, tho' its vernal prime
Be ne'er attain'd!—Virtue, not length of years,
The mind matures.—No duty unperform'd
By thee was left;—no virtue unessay'd;
Of female manners, in their loveliest form,
Thou gavest the fairest copy—sweetly mild
Was thy demeanor, as the summer gale,
Which in soft whispers at the close of eve
Steals o'er the bending ozier.—Now no more
Shall that warm heart, too feelingly alive
To pity's impulse, pour the tender tear
Of soft condolence for another's woes

Forgetful of thy own:—Alas ! thy own
 Were hopeless of a cure !—no future scene
 In all life's wide horizon to thy view,
 'Rose in perspective, that could whisper peace.

Then let us cease to mourn.—Since life has
 ills

Which death alone can cure, and gracious ends
 Are oft accomplish'd by severest means.

The good and just, this stormy scene once pass'd,
 Shall find, when landed on the blissful shore,
 Their sufferings were not vain.—As stars that
 shine

With tenfold radiance—foremost in the throng
 Of happy spirits—crown'd with endless bliss,

They shall attune a nobler song of praise ;
 And nearer to the throne, adore that Power,
 Who thus, with love transcending mortal thought
 Rewards their transient sufferings of an hour.

MARIA
Carlisle.

LETTER

FROM THE

EARL OF ROCHESTER,

ON HIS DEATH-BED,

TO

DOCTOR PIERCE,

PRESIDENT OF MAGDALEN COLLEGE, OXFORD.

JULY 1680.

"Fools we may live—but fools we cannot die."

MY indisposition renders my intellectual almost as feeble as my person; but considering the candour and esteemed charity your natural mildness hath always shewn me, I am assured at once, both of a favourable construction of my present lines, (which can but faintly express the sorrowful character of an humble and afflicted mind); and of all those great comforts, your inexhaustible goodness, learning and piety,

plen-

plenteously afford to the drooping spirits of poor sinners.—So that I may truly say, Holy man! to you I owe what consolation I enjoy in urging God's mercies against despair, and holding me up, under the weight of those high and mountainous sins, my wicked and ungodly life hath heaped upon me.—If God should be pleased to spare me a little longer here, I have unalterably fixed to become a new man, and to wash the stains of my lewd courses with my tears, and to weep over the profane and unhallowed abominations of my former doings; that the world may see how I loath sin, and abhor the very remembrance of those tainted and unclean joys I once delighted in; those being, as the Apostle tell us, “the things whereof I am now ashamed.”

Or if it be his great pleasure now to put a period to my days, that he will accept of my last gasp, that the smoke of my death-bed offering may not be unfavoury to his nostrils, and he drive me, like Cain, from his presence.—Pray for me, dear Doctor—and all you that forget not God—pray for me fervently;—take Heaven by force, and let me enter with you in disguise, for I dare not appear before the dread majesty of that Holy One I have so often offended. Warn all my friends and companions to a true and sincere repentance to-day—whilst

it

it is called to-day, before the evil day come, and they be no more. Let them know what sin is, like the angel's book in the Revelations, "it is sweet in the mouth, but bitter in the belly."—Let them know that God will not be mocked, that he is an holy God, and will be served in holiness and purity;—that he requires the whole man, and the early man:—Bid them make haste, for the night cometh when no man can work.—O! that they were wise! that they would consider this, and not with me, wretched me!—delay it until their latter ends. Pray, dear Sir—pray continually for

Your poor friend,

ROCHESTER.

Ranger's-Lodge, in
Woodstock Park.

☞ The noble Penitent died the 26th day of July, 1680.

INSCRIP-

INSCRIPTION

ON

A MOSSY SEAT AT R—

FROM Albion's chalky cliffs, where Ocean
laves

His grisly terrors, in the briny waves;
From where old Thames rolls his transparent
tide

In glittering pomp, to waft Britannia's pride;
From where imperial London's tow'ring spires,
Are 'rapt in clouds from culinary fires;
From scenes, where various traffick's bustling
strife,

And all the anxious cares of busy life,
Are ply'd incessantly;—where reigns elate,
One universal struggle to be great;
A stranger comes;—with reverend awe to tread
Within the precincts of thy hallow'd shed;
With sweet delight, presumes to take his seat,
And bless the hand that form'd the kind retreat;
To taste, once more, the joys of virtuous home,
Once more within these tranquil scenes to roam;
To stray with thee, Serena, thro' these shades,
Or thoughtless wander o'er the flow'ry meads;

Enjoy

Enjoy the sweets of friendship's magic spell,
Experience feelings which no words can tell,
While oft reclin'd amidst those lovely bowers,
On downy tiptoe past the happy hours,
As wakeful memory oft recalls to me,
Delightful moments I have spent with thee;
Where flow'd the fervid language of the soul,
In silent sympathy without controul;
In rapturous gaze we've caught the ev'ning ray,
And hearts congenial blest the parting day;
I thought so once, but now I surely know,
From feeling such, our choicest pleasures flow.
Dear sensibility! thou soothing power;
Thou vernal sweet—thou ever op'ning flower!
'Tis from thy honey'd cup, such joys we sip,
As when once tasted, bless the raptur'd lip;
A stream that issues from the realms above,
Pure from the fountain of eternal love;
Blest be those gentle scenes, for ever blest,
Where love, and joy, and peace delight to rest;
May ev'ry balmy blessing round you wait,
Ye happy few, who press this humble seat!
And thou, Serena, my dear, virtuous friend,
May happiness its choicest favors send!
May each endearing tie illume thy life,
The tender mother, and the happy wife!
May ev'ry sweet, domestic joy entwine
About thy heart, and grace thy youthful prime!
And in decline of days, may angels late
Transplant thee spotless to an heav'nly state!

Why

Why cause ye conscious feelings this breast to glow?

Why does unbidden rouse the tender woe?

As struggling heaves the involuntary sigh,

The starting anguish dims the glistering eye;

Strong throbs the heart, to scape the narrow

bound,

And torture bleeds afresh the recent wound;

Be still, thou fated trembler, plains give o'er,

But seek that rest upon some happier shore,

Where friends shall meet again, to part no

more.

T. B.

July 1789.

ON

EPITAPHS AND INSCRIPTIONS.

"Praises on tombs are trifles vainly spent;

"A man's good name is his best monument."

WHENEVER I pass through a church-yard

I am naturally led to read the epitaphs on the

tombstones; and indeed the curiosity to peruse

the inscriptions of a dormitory, or burial-place,

is not only natural to many, but likely, and

calculated

calculated to instruct all, from the richest to the poorest, from the king to the beggar, and from the most noble to the most unknown.

To observe the various dates of the deceased, some in the dawn of life, others in their full vigour and maturity, and a third class in the vale of years, all equally liable to, and as suddenly mown down by the stroke of death, as so many hapless trophies of his all-conquering power, cannot but suggest reflections on the uncertainty of our present existence, and intimate the necessity of preparing for our last great change.

But there is a desire seemingly implanted in our natures, of not only living in the remembrance of our friends, but of being held up to the knowledge of posterity, of that public to whom, whilst living, we were perhaps utter strangers:—the storied urn, therefore, and pompous epitaph, are called in to our aid, and many a man whose living actions and virtues were scarcely known to a contracted circle of acquaintance, blazes forth on his monument as a perfect example of public worth;—but how careful should survivors be to prevent the abuse of fulsome inscriptions, and flattering panegyrics!—What folly is it to make a man's tombstone belie his past conduct, and declare that which is too well known

known to be false and spurious ! What matters it to those who are got beyond the reach of mortals, to be praised, idolized, and exalted by the passing multitude, if their names are not written in the book of life, and their good deeds follow them not into a state of glory ? Alas ! how vain, trifling, and insignificant are the appellations of right honourable, and his grace, if unaccompanied by virtue, piety, and benevolence ! They are but empty sounds, or gilded nothings, in the views of the discerning and judicious.

Other there are who, more humble in their desires, wish only to point out the tale of morality to the heedless passenger ;—their motive is praise-worthy, and merits to be recorded, and those only deserve notice.

The tomb of Madame Lagnons, of which I have seen no description in any work, is equally interesting for beauty of design, and excellent workmanship.

M. Lagnons, minister of Berne, who was living in 1775, had a wife, who was a perfect beauty in her person, but whose mental accomplishments were far superior.—This amiable creature died in child-bed, in the twenty-eighth year of her age ; her child only outlived her a

few

few minutes.—M. Naal, a celebrated German sculptor, was engaged to erect a monument to the memory of this mother and child; he represented Madame Lagnons at the moment of resurrection:—After having sunk a kind of grave sufficient to contain a statue, he placed therein a large stone, that seemed unequally split or broken, and so contrived, that the young wife appeared rising from her coffin, just awoke from the sleep of death, holding her child with one hand, and pushing away a stone with the other, that apparently impeded her resurrection. The dignity of her figure, her candour, innocence, and that pure, celestial joy which shines in her countenance, gives it a most feeling and sublime expression. The epitaph is worthy of the tomb; it is engraved upon the stone, and, notwithstanding the large cleft, may be easily read:—it is written in the German language, and Madame Lagnons is supposed to speak.—The following is a translation:—

“ I hear the trumpet!—It penetrates to the
“ depth of tombs!—Awake! child of anguish!
“ the Saviour of the world calls us; the em-
“ pire of death is ended, and an immortal palm
“ will crown innocence and virtue.—Behold
“ me, Lord! with the infant thou gavest me!”

THE
EPITAPH OF DOCTOR FRANKLIN,

(WRITTEN BY HIMSELF)

IS ALSO WELL WORTH NOTICE.

The Body
Of Ben. Franklin, Printer,
(Like the cover of an old book,
Its contents torn out,
And stript of its lettering and gilding.)
Lies here, food for worms :
Yet the work itself shall not be lost ;
For it will (as he believed) appear once more,
In a new
And more beautiful edition,
Corrected and amended
By the Author.

EPITAPH

EPITAPH

ROBERT PURSGLOVE,
BISHOP OF HULL,

WHO DIED MAY 2, 1579, AT SIDDESWALL,
DERBYSHIRE.

CHRIST is to me as life on earth,
And death to me is gain,
Because I trust, thro' him alone,
Salvation to obtain.

So brittle is the state of man,
So soon it doth decay,
So all the glory of this world,
Doth fade, and pass away.

INSCRIPTION ON A TOMB-STONE

IN

STEPNEY CHURCH-YARD, ENGLAND.

FAREWELL, vain world! I've had enough of
thee,

And now am careless what thou say'st of me;

H 2

Thy

Thy smiles I court not—nor thy frowns I fear;
 My days are past, my head lies quiet here.
 What faults in me you've seen, take care to shun,
 And look at home—enough is to be done.

ON A CHARITABLE MAN.

WHAT I spent, I lost.—What I possessed,
 is left to others.—What I gave away, remains
 with me.

EPI T A P H

ON A

COUPLE KILLED BY LIGHTNING.

THINK not by rigorous judgment seiz'd,
 A pair so faithful could expire;
 Victims so pure, Heaven saw well pleas'd,
 And snatch'd them in celestial fire.
 Live well, and fear no sudden fate,
 When God calls virtue to the grave,
 Alike 'tis justice, soon or late,
 Mercy alike, to kill or save.
 Virtue unmov'd, can hear the call,
 And face the flash that melts the ball.

ON

ON H. B.

GRIEVE not, my friends, for my departed
breath;

The way to life leads thro' the gates of death.
An active faith will waft you to that shore,
Where time, and pain, and death, shall be no
more.

All meaner things ye Heaven-born souls despise,
And soar extatic to your native skies.

ON R. C.

HERE lieth R. C. in expectation of the
last day;—what sort of a man he was, that day
will discover.

INSCRIPTION ON A DIAL,

ERECTED OVER THE GRAVE OF

MR. BOND,

OF BONDSVIL, IN THE COUNTY OF ARMAGH,

BY HIS OWN DESIRE.

NO marble pomp—no monumental praise;
My tomb this dial—epitaph these lays;
Pride and low mouldering clay but ill agree;
Death levels me to beggars, kings to me.

H 3

Alive,

Alive, instruction was my work each day ;
 Dead, I persist instruction to convey
 Here, reader, mark, perhaps now in thy prime,
 The stealing steps of never-standing Time ;
 Thou'lt be what I am—catch the present hour,
 Employ that well—for that's within thy pow'r.

ON A BEAUTIFUL BOY,

WHO DIED ON HIS PASSAGE FROM MADRASS
 TO ENGLAND.

BRIGHT as the gems Indostan's valleys boast,
 Sweet as the odours of Arabia's coast,
 A pearly dew-drop fell, some flower adorn,
 And grace with all its pride the rising morn ;
 But soon the sun emits a fiercer ray,
 And the fair fabric tumbles to decay,
 Low in the dust the beauteous ruin lies,
 While the pure vapour seeks its native skies ;
 A fate like this, to the dear youth was given,
 He sparkled—bloom'd—and was exhal'd to
 heaven.

INSCRIP-

INSCRIPTION ON THE MONUMENT

ERECTED AT

PORTSEA, NEAR PORTSMOUTH,

TO THE MEMORY OF

ADMIRAL KEMPENFELT,

AND THIRTY-FIVE OF HIS

UNFORTUNATE COMPANIONS.

IN an oval compartment, upon part of the pyramid, in black marble and golden letters, are these lines:—

Reader,
With solemn thought
Survey this grave,
And reflect
On the untimely death
Of thy fellow mortals;
And whilst,
As a Man—a Briton—and a Patriot,
Thou readest
The melancholy narrative,
Drop a tear
For thy country's loss.

On the twenty-ninth day of August,

1782,

His Majesty's ship the Royal George,

Being on the heel at Spithead,

Overset, and sunk ;

By which fatal accident,

About nine hundred persons

Were instantly launched into eternity ;

Among whom was that brave

And experienced officer,

Rear-Admiral KEMPENFELT :

Nine days after,

Many bodies of the unfortunate floated,

Thirty-five of which,

Were interred in one grave,

Near this monument,

Which is erected by the Parish of Portsea,

As a grateful tribute

To the memory

Of that great commander,

And his fellow-sufferers.

'Tis not this stone, regretted chief ;—thy name,

Thy worth—thy merit, shall extend thy fame ;

Brilliant achievements have thy name impress'd,

In lasting characters, on Albion's breast.

OTHER

OTHER epitaphs there are, which paying no attention to the living, are addressed only to the deceased; and surely, if the departed spirits are permitted to know what passes in the world which they have left, it must afford the most soothing consolation to those of two poor infants who are buried at Huntingdon, to hear an address like this, from their disconsolate parent;

Sleep blessed creatures! in your tomb,
My sighs shall not awake you;
I only wait till my time come,
And then will overtake you.

BEFORE I take leave of this subject, I must add a circumstance that I was informed of, when I was last on the continent.

The present Duke of Wirtemburgh has lately erected a monument to his own memory, in his hermitage at Wakenheim, with an elegant Latin inscription, of which the following is a translation:—

“ HERE lies CHARLES EUGENE, Duke of
“ Wirtemburgh.—Reader, I have enjoyed life,
“ and have known all its allurements;—their
“ charms had seduced me;—I suffered myself
“ to be carried away like a torrent.—O God!
“ what an opening, when the bandage fell at
“ length

" length from my eyes ! days and years had
 " gone by, and what was right and good had
 " never once been thought of. Falsehood, and
 " hypocrisy deified the basest actions ; and the
 " veil, which hid truth from me, was as a black
 " mist, which the strongest rays of the blessing
 " dispensing Sun could not dispel. — What
 " remains of me now ? — Alas ! friends, this
 " stone covers my grave, it also covers what
 " is past ; — Great God ! watch upon what is
 " to come !"

T.

A R U N A.

RETIR'D and secluded from all that can
 please,

I court a retreat in the depth of the grove ;
 More grateful's the murmur that sighs thro' the
 trees,

Than the airy vibrations of gladness and love.

The voice of my friend, more delicious than
 wine,

That lately the full tide of pleasure convey'd ;

Ah ! I turn from the sound, his embraces decline,

And beg that he'll leave me to die in the shade.

The .

The muses that once could illume the dull hour,
And sooth with their numbers, the bosom of
pain ;

Now fly my sad haunts, since depriv'd of their
power,

Their melody wounds, and their numbers are
vain.

Her lillies are fled, and the delicate rose,

On the cheeks of Aruna blooms lovely no more ;

This grass matted pillow denies me repose,

Where sweetly I've slept in the summers of
yore.

The rocks of the desert, rude, awful and high,

Seem nodding with horror to me as I go,

The wild rushing streams, that run rapidly by,

In sympathy swells the loud cadence of
woe.

Thick clouds from the summits of mountains I
view,

Hang darkly benighting the sides of the vale,

The raven's dull bodings are heard from the yew,

And the spirit of sorrow I hear in the gale.

Thus while thro' each province of nature I turn,

Her face seems unlovely wherever I go,

I look not for comfort 'till in my cold urn,

Ah ! well that we there find a respite from
woe.

Her

Her lillies are fled, and the delicate rose
On the cheek of Aruna blooms lovely no
more ;

In the cold arms of death, all the graces repose,
And ocean's salt waves wash her tomb on the
shore.

'Twas night, and the stars, and mild Luna were
fled,

When, as pensive I listen'd, the voice of the
gale,

Thro' a dim gleam of light, that encompass'd
my bed,

The shade of Aruna rose silent and pale.

How chang'd from the maiden once blooming
and fair

The pride of the village, the joy of the plain ?

How mournful her step, and dejected her air,

And languid her look, as the moon in her
wane.

Her hair was dishevel'd, and dripping with
dew,

Her head it hung down, like a flowret that
dies,

Her robe it was damp, and her lips they were
blue,

And sunk was the lustre that lighten'd her
eyes.

Her

Her lilies were fled, and the delicate rose,
On the cheeks of my fair one, bloom'd lovely
no more,

To still my emotions, her right hand she shows,
Her left was collecting the robe that she wore.

"Dear youth," she began, "thou remember'st
"the day

"When sunk on my bosom, thou wept'st our
"adieu;

"'Twas the soft voice of friendship that called
"me away,

"While far from the shore, thy kind glances
"pursue.

"Now brews the black storm in the sides of the
"west,

"And loud on the wild winds, comes howling
"along;

"Each hill shook the forest that rose on its breast,
"And lost was the woodlark's mellifluent
"song.

"But wide o'er the ocean, more dreadful the
"blast,

"The winds rushing downwards, its bosom
"deform;

"Like mountains bent onward, the huge breakers
"past,

"And death rode in fury, the wings of the
"storm.

"Thou

" Thou wert wont to compare my poor cheeks
 " to the rose,

" But the rose and the lilly are blended no
 " more,

" Down the steep swelling surges our stout vessel
 " goes,

" And high o'er Aruna the loud billows
 " roar.

" Beneath the deep waters our vessel was torn,
 " Thro' a rent in its side, my poor corpse found
 " its way,

" To the shore, in wild eddies, 'twas rapidly borne,
 " And found by some swains, on the beach
 " where it lay.

" On the brink of the ocean they made me my
 " grave,

" The virgins, with tears, bid my relics adieu."
 She ceased ;—but how moving the look that she
 gave,

As wistful, and wan, from my chamber she
 drew ?

Dear lovely, sad maiden ! remov'd in thy bloom,
 Ere Hymen's light wings on our passion were
 spread,

Ah ! gentle companion ! too good for the tomb !
 How dark, and how cold, and how silent thy
 bed ?

Her

Her lillies are fled, and the delicate rose,
On the cheek of Aruna blooms lovely no more,
No parent averse to our love, was the cause,
No broken engagement, like Colin's of yore.

Stern Tempest! ah! why didst thou rise from
thy caves,

And pour all thy wrath on a virgin so fair?
Froud ocean! thou might'st have restrain'd thy
fierce waves,

And for once made an innocent maiden thy
care!

Now in these wild deserts, dejected and lone,
The thought of Aruna still saddens my strain;
With the chill blast of evening, I mingle my
moan,

Till death more indulgent, unite us again.

And now, ye fair virgins, that live in the vale,
When the turf on our ashes grows level, and
green,

Commit to your children, our sorrowful tale,
And silent, and sad will your daughters be seen.

Her lillies are fled, and the delicate rose,
On the cheeks of Aruna, blooms lovely no
more;

Ye virgins adieu! drop a tear on our woes,
And lay me, ye swains, by my love on the
shore.

T. W.

A

COMMENT UPON LUKE,

CHAP. XII. VER. 16.

“THE ground of a certain rich man brought forth plentifully.”—Now it would be expected, that upon this, his very next thought should be to return God thanks for the fruitfulness of his ground, if it were for no other reason, but that he might have the like success again the next season.—No:—but instead of that, he immediately thought within himself, what he should do, because he had no room where to bestow his fruits;—“What shall I do?”—He seems to be as much streightened in his plenty, as other men used to be in the extremest poverty;—“What shall I do?”—the very language of those who are reduced to streights—Do? Why give the overplus to the poor, and, that thou mayest not be overstocked again another year, part with a good piece of land, and build an hospital.—“No,” says he, “I know better things than all that.”—Here was the first instance of his folly.—Well: but in case this distress of plenty had but put him upon doing any good with it, it would have been

been pretty tolerable yet ; and there would have been some amends for the ill-timing it, before he had returned his thanks to God ;—No :—but he thought thus with himself ;—“ I will pull down my barns and build greater, and there will I bestow *all* my fruits, and my goods.” —All my fruits, and my goods !—He designed, you see, to engross all to himself, and to remember neither God nor the poor, to let no part of it go to any charitable use ;—and there is another instance of his folly.—But after all, perhaps he does not mean to place his end and chief happiness in his full granary ; but only to use it as a less good, and as relating to the conveniencies of the body, and the gratifications of the animal life.—No :—but his folly proceeds further still ;—“ I will say to my soul (says he) “ soul, thou hast much goods laid up for many years, take thine ease, eat, drink, and be merry.” What a soliloquy ! that ever a man should be so much a brute, and a sot, as to make a full barn the good of his soul ! of his soul, which must seek her happiness from the same hand, whence she had her being ; and can be satisfied only by him, who is absolute perfection !—This certainly was a strange extravagance of folly :—And yet, even this has a further aggravation still ;—for had this provision of his been indeed for many years (as he fancied) there would have been more cause, and pretence for the great
com-

complacency and satisfaction he took in it. But little did he think upon what contingencies this plenty of his depended, and how precarious and uncertain the lease of his life was;—much less that, that very night, his soul should be required of him;—but God said unto him, “Thou fool! this night thy soul shall be required of thee, then whose shall those things be which thou hast provided?”—And yet this was a very obvious consideration, though in the heat and hurry of his contrivance he was not at leisure to take it in his way.—And this is the lamentable fate and folly of all covetous men;—they are so busy, in making haste to be rich, that they overlook the grave, notwithstanding that they are continually poring upon the earth.

Norris's Practical Discourses.

T H E W I S E C H I L D .

A CHILD of six years of age, being introduced into company for his extraordinary abilities, was asked by an eminent dignified clergyman—“Where God was?” with the proffered reward of an orange.—“Tell me (replied the boy) where he is *not*, and I will give you two.”

T H E

THE LAWYER'S PRAYER.

ORDAINED to tread the thorny ground,
Where few, I fear, are faithful found;
Mine be the conscience void of blame,
The upright heart, the spotless name;
The tribute of the widow's prayer;
The righted orphan's grateful tear;
To virtue, and her friends a friend,
Still may my voice the weak defend;
Ne'er may my prostituted tongue,
Protect the oppressor in his wrong;
Nor wrest the spirit of the laws,
To sanctify the villain's cause;
Let others, with unsparing hand,
Scatter their poison through the land,
Inflame dissention, kindle strife,
And strew with ills the path of life;
On such her gifts let Fortune shower,
Add wealth to wealth, and power to power;
On me, may favoring Heaven bestow,
That peace which good men only know;
The joy of joys by few possessed,
The eternal sun-shine of the breast,
Power, fame, and riches I resign;
The praise of honesty be mine,
That friends may weep—the worthy sigh,
And poor men bless me when I die.

EPITAPH.

E P I T A P H,

ON A

B L I N D-M A N's D O G.

HERE rests poor Pompey, undisturb'd;—
and free'd

From all those toils, and watchful cares of life,
His master's age, and want of sight requir'd.
When he necessitated walked abroad,
To seek what nature craved, I led the way;
Nor needed he the guidance of a wall;
His staff was useless, and his steps secure,
For all his confidence was plac'd in me;
Nor plac'd in vain.—When seated on a turf,
Pleading his blind, and miserable state,
He begg'd assistance, and a kind relief,
From those, on whom great Nature had bestow'd
An easy fortune, and a heart to give;
Mean while, tho' tempting slumbers clos'd my
eyes,

My ears ne'er slumber'd to my duty's voice,
Nor ever disobey'd my master's call;
If to receive, from his rewarding hand
The reliques of his feast, a crust, or bone;
Or night approaching, with a cheerful prance,
To guide him safely, to his wish'd-for home.

These

These were my cares, this my officious life;
 Till age, and sickness, now slow creeping seiz'd,
 And robb'd me of my breath;—and so depriv'd
 Poor Irua of his guardian, and his guide.
 But that injurious Time might not deface
 The memory of his faithful servant's name,
 He rais'd this humble monument, to tell
 The dog's fidelity—and master's love.

BUCHANAN.

ON A FAVOURITE THRUSH,

THAT WAS KILLED BY ACCIDENT.

BENEATH this little humble stone

An hapless songster lies;

Smiling, in youth, and beauty's bloom,

Death seized its trembling prize.

May you be warned, ye gentle fair,

From this poor thrush's fate,

And for the awful change prepare,

Before it be too late.

C.

ON

ON TAKING A

FLY OUT OF A BASIN OF WATER.

IN yonder vase, behold that drowning fly !
 Its little feet, how nimbly doth it ply ?
 Its cries I hear not ;—yet it loudly cries,
 And gentle hearts can feel its agonies.
 Poor helpless victim ! and will no one save,
 Will no one snatch thee from the threatening
 wave ?

Is there no friendly hand—no helper nigh,
 And must thou, little struggler !—must thou die ?
 Thou shalt not, whilst this hand can set thee free,
 Thou shalt not die, this hand shalt rescue thee ;
 My finger's tip shall prove a friendly shore ;
 There—trembler—all thy dangers now are o'er :
 Wipe thy wet wings, and banish all thy fear ;
 Go—join thy buzzing brothers of the air ;
 Away it flies—resumes its harmless play,
 And sweetly gambols in the golden ray.
 Smile not, ye great ones, at my humble deed,
 For you, has Heaven a nobler task decreed.

A.

INSCRIP-

INSCRIPTION ON A FIRE-PLACE,

DONE UP WITH

MOSS AND FLOWERS,

IN THE FORM OF A MONUMENT, FOR THE
SUMMER SEASON.

HERE lie entombed,
The ashes, earthly parts, and remains,
Of a bright and aspiring Genius,

Who,

In his youth, 'tis confess'd,
Discovered some sparks,
Of a light and volatile nature,

But

Was in maturity,
Of a steady, grateful disposition,
And diffusive benevolence.

Tho' naturally

Of a warm temper,

Yet he was a rare instance

Of unreserved benignity;

For though he might have been
The most dangerous, and dreadful
Of enemies,

Yet he was the best, and kindest
Of friends;

Nor

Nor did he ever look cool
 Even upon his enemies;
 Though his friends too often,
 And shamefully indeed,
 Turned their backs upon him.
 Oh! degenerate times!
 When such examples are made light of!
 Such virtues basely blown upon!
 Though rather a promoter
 Of the cheerful glass in others,
 Yet himself was never seen in liquor,
 Which was his utter abhorrence.
 Raking, which ruins most constitutions,
 Was far from spoiling his,
 For though his days were short,
 Yet they were ended,
 By a gentle, gradual decay,
 His strength wasted,
 And substance spent,
 A temporal period
 Was put to his finite existence,
 Which was more immediately effected,
 By his being seized
 With a severe cold,
 Without any help administered,
 In some warm day,
 In the fatal month of May.
 His loss, and cheering influence,
 Is often, and feelingly regretted

By

VARIETY.

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By his sincere admirers,
Who erected this monument,
In memory
Of his endearing virtues,
Till that joyful, and appointed day,
When the dormant powers,
Of his resplendent nature,
Shall be awakened, and call'd forth;
When inflamed with ardour,
He shall again rise,
With songs of joy,
Triumphant o'er the grave.

T.

A N E L E G Y.

BOW the head, thou lilly fair
Bow the head, in mournful guise;
Sickly turn thy shining white,
Bend thy stalk and never rise.

Shed thy leaves, thou lovely rose,
Shed thy leaves, so sweet and gay;
Spread them wide on the cold earth,
Quickly let them fade away.

Fragrant woodbine, all untwine,
All untwine, from yonder bower;
Drag thy branches on the ground,
Stain with dust each tender flower.

For woe is me, the gentle knot,
That did in willing durance bind
My Emma, and her happy swain,
By cruel death is now untwined.

Her head with dim, half-closed eyes,
Is bowed upon her breast of snow;
And cold, and faded are those cheeks,
That wont with cheerful red to glow.

And mute is that harmonious voice,
That wont to breathe the sounds of love;
And lifeless are those beauteous limbs,
That with such ease and grace did move.

And I, of all my bliss bereft,
Lonely, and sad, must ever moan;
Dead to each joy the world can give,
Alive to memory alone.

A.

ORIGINAL

ORIGINAL LETTER,

FROM THE

YOUNGER VILLIERS,

DUKE OF BUCKINGHAM,

UPON HIS DEATH-BED,

TO THE

REVEREND DOCTOR W—.

DEAR DOCTOR,

I ALWAYS looked upon you as a man of true virtue, and know you to be a person of sound understanding; for however I may have acted in opposition to the principles of religion, or the dictates of reason, I can honestly assure you, I had always the highest veneration for both.—The world and I may shake hands, for I dare affirm we are heartily weary of one another. O Doctor! what a prodigal have I been of that most valuable of all possessions, Time! I have squandered it away, with a profusion unparalleled; and now that the enjoyment of a few days would be worth a hecatomb

of worlds, I cannot flatter myself with a prospect of half a dozen hours.

How despicable, my dear friend, is that man, who never prays to his God, but in the time of distress!—In what manner can he supplicate that omnipotent Being in his affliction with reverence, whom in the tide of his prosperity he never remembered with dread?—Don't brand me with infidelity, my dear Doctor, when I tell you I am almost ashamed to offer up my petitions at the throne of grace, or of imploring that divine mercy in the next world, which I have so scandalously abused in this!—Shall ingratitude to man be looked upon as the blackest of crimes, and not ingratitude to God? Shall an insult offered to the King, be looked upon in the most offensive light, and yet no notice be taken, when the King of Kings is treated with indignity and disrespect?

The companions of my former libertinism would scarcely believe their eyes, my dear Doctor, were you to shew them this epistle. They would laugh at me as a dreaming enthusiast, or pity me as a timorous wretch, who was shocked at the appearance of futurity. But whoever laughs at me for being right, or pities me for being sensible of my errors, is more entitled to my compassion, than my resentment.

A fu-

A future state may very well strike terror into any man, who has not acted well in this life;—and he must have an uncommon share of courage indeed, who does not shrink at the presence of his God!

You see, dear Doctor, the apprehension of death will soon bring the most profligate to a proper use of their understanding.—To what a situation am I now reduced?—Is this odious little hut a suitable lodging for a prince? or is this anxiety of my mind becoming the character of a Christian?—From my rank and fortune I might have expected affluence to wait upon my life;—from my knowledge and understanding, peace to smile upon my end: instead of which, I am afflicted with poverty, and haunted with remorse; despised by my country, and alas! I fear, forsaken by my God.—There is nothing so dangerous as extraordinary abilities.—I cannot be accused of vanity now, by being sensible I was once possessed of uncommon qualifications, more especially as I sincerely regret that I was ever blest with any at all.—My rank in life made these accomplishments still more conspicuous; and fascinated with the general applause which they procured, I never considered about the proper means by which they should be displayed; hence, to purchase a smile from a blockhead I despised, have I
I 3. frequently

frequently treated the virtuous with disrespect; and sported with the holy name of Heaven, to obtain a laugh from a parcel of fools, who were entitled to nothing but my contempt.

Your men of wit, my dear Doctor, generally look upon themselves as discharged from the duties of religion, and confine the doctrines of the gospel to people of meaner understandings; it is a sort of derogation, in their opinion, to comply with the rules of Christianity; and they reckon that man possessed of a narrow genius, who studies to be good.—What a pity, that the holy writings are not made the criterion of true judgment! or that any one should pass for a fine gentleman in this world, but he that seems solicitous about his happiness in the next!

My dear Doctor, I am forsaken by all my acquaintance; utterly neglected by the friends of my bosom, and the dependants of my bounty; but no matter.—I am not now fit to converse with the first, and have no ability to serve the latter;—let me not be cast off wholly however by the good; favor me with a visit, dear Doctor, as soon as possible; writing to you gives me some ease, especially upon a subject I could talk of for ever.—I am of opinion this is the last visit I shall ever solicit from you.

My distemper is powerful—come and pray for the departing spirit of the unhappy.

BUCKINGHAM.

MONUMENTAL INSCRIPTION

DESIGNED FOR THE

EARL OF CHESTERFIELD.

HERE rest the remains of Philip Stanhope,
Earl of Chesterfield.

Who, in his life, was justly admired,

As a man of wit—an orator,

And a statesman,

In his Posthumous Letters to his Son,
(Written solely for his instruction,) we search,

But search in vain,

For the parent, the moralist, the religious man,

And the philosopher.

But paternal tenderness, we see,

Almost wholly absorbed

In unbounded ambition;

His morals, alas! we find convey

A cool, deliberate plan, to prosecute

Genteel Adultery;

His religion, was the Worship of the Graces,

At whose shrine he sacrificed

The virtues of the man,

And the citizen.

His philosophy, consisted in a supposed,
But superficial knowledge of human nature
Drawn from courts ;

And illiberal censures of women, as women,
Without distinguishing characters,
Or investigating truth ;
Which general censures are so trite,
Injudicious, and unsupported by experience,
As would disgrace the understanding
Of a schoolboy.

Reader, beware !

Let not the blaze of glittering talents,
Nor the pomp of sounding titles,
Mislead thy understanding,
Or corrupt thy heart.

A.

ON THE DEATH OF A FRIEND.

“ Heaven is our home, and our way home-
ward, is that path which Christ Jesus trod be-
fore us.”

Shall we, with impious pride arraign
The ways of Providence ?—shall we repine,
We ! who are related to the worm,
Against a God omniscient, who surveys,

And

And filleth all things?—Reason, answers, no !
 Since partial evil, to the general good
 Conduces still ;—then dry your tears
 Ye parents dear which dew his green-clad grave,
 My Fielding's grave !—and think, if yet in
 Heaven

Sweet innocence hath merited reward,
 Your darling sings around the throne of God,
 'Mid those who harp his praise ;—his power
 divine.

For me, I'll stem the tide of useless grief,
 And o'er the spot, where lies my much lov'd
 friend,

Scatter sweet flowrets with a liberal hand ;
 The blue-veined violet, pansies, and snow-drops,
 Primroses mild, jonquills, and daffodils
 Clad in their yellow robes ;—and many a rose
 That blushes like the cheek of modesty ;
 The myrtle too shall shed its fragrance there,
 Sweet emblem of the friendship, and the love,
 Of his too generous breast.—

This will I do, since mourning is in vain,
 Since peace, and happiness, and Heaven are now
 My Fielding's blest rewards !—yet one farewell !
 A long farewell, to friendship, and to thee !

Thy name, dear youth ! shall live—for ever live,
 Graved on the living tablet of my heart,
 While beats that heart, or life-blood swells my
 veins.

THE ORPHAN.

POOR boy!—though in thy tender years,
Thine eyes are dimm'd with flowing tears;
Thy little heart dissolv'd in grief,
Thou can'st not hope from man relief!

O child of sorrow! cease to weep,
Though in the dust thy parents sleep,
The bonds of death thou can'st not break,
Nor from the tomb the slumberer wake.

An early orphan left alone,
Upon the world deserted thrown;
A mother's love, who can supply?
Or watch thee with a father's eye?

Though all unmindful of thy good,
Forgetful of a brother's blood,
And heedless of thy woful state,
Thy kindred cast thee off to fate;

The God who gave to them the power
To aid thee in this trying hour,
To thee his mercies may extend,
And ever prove thy steadfast friend.

His love thy tender youth may shield,
His hand exhaustless treasures yield,
His wisdom pour the precepts kind
Of life eternal in thy mind.

VARIETY.

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Cease, child of sorrow! cease to weep,
Though in the dust thy parents sleep;
The Saviour of the world shall be
A father ever unto thee.

W. P. CAREY.

GRATITUDE.

A T A L E.

WHERE 'mid Italia's ever sunny lands,
Fast by the streams of Po Ferraro stands;
At manhood's full extent now just arriv'd,
In splendid leisure, young Cornaro liv'd.
Each gift kind Nature gave him, Art improv'd;
Of a full bed the first, and best lov'd.
He knew, and lov'd his city; yet wou'd know,
What other cities different had to shew;
Eager to gratify his soaring mind,
In one small realm too narrowly confin'd;
To tell his fire his wish, was to succeed,
The son but hinted, and the fire agreed;
Then as become him, full supplied he went,
And to Lavernia first his way he bent;
On whose fair shore, each distant nation meets,
And fill with various tongues, her peopl'd streets:
Each

Each object there, his strict attention drew,
 Much he observed, and still found something
 new,
 And sought it still, for knowledge all his end,
 He, who could that advance, he thought his
 friend;

On rich and poor, alike he cast his eye,
 As 'twas a blessing they might both enjoy;
 And he might teach him, who the vessel steer'd,
 What the rich freighter thought not worth
 regard,

Of graceful presence, and inviting mein,
 He in each place of full resort was seen;
 On the thronged quay, or in the busy hall,
 And skilled in tongues, seem'd countryman to all,
 To observation, deep attention join'd,
 And fixed the gathered honey in his mind,
 His lodging was a large quadrangle's side,
 To him, still thinking, farther thought supplied,
 And as each hour of passing day went by,
 Some scene worth note still met his curious eye,
 Yet one, among the rest, he still had weigh'd,
 And oft'ner seen, the stronger mark it made;
 For the sad sigh that keen misfortune drew,
 Still to his breast an easy passage knew;
 As he each morn the rising sun beheld,
 Ere yet the spacious square with crowds was
 fill'd,

On one same spot, until he look'd around,
 One solitary wretch he always found;

A por-

A porter's garb declared his present yoke,
But his whole mein a birth far different spoke.
From his swollen breast, sighs, spite of shame
 would rise,
And tears restrain'd, flow'd faster from his eyes,
Which with the knotted rope he wip'd away,
Sad ensigns of his fortune's deep decay.
The youth, who pitying saw his frequent grief,
Thought pity blameful, carrying no relief;
So generously curious, sought to know,
In hopes to ease the cause of so much woe,
And call'd him from his melancholy stand;
He came—and silent waited his command;
Thinking some errand would a mite afford,
Just to support a being he abhorr'd,
Which yet he durst not, of himself, destroy,
Since Heaven might change his present grief to
 joy.
But other business fill'd Cornaro's breast,
And his kind suit in tend'rest terms express'd,
Wish'd that his cause of grief he would impart
To one, who lov'd to sooth an aching heart;
And always thought, however low his sphere,
The man who felt affliction, worth his care;
Yet here believ'd the stroke of sickle fate,
Had fallen on one, who'd known a happier state;
Then speak, he said, nor let false shame conceal
Whate'er with truth, a sufferer may reveal;
And if my happier lot may ease thy woes,
Whate'er a stranger's ear may learn, disclose.

The

The list'ning wretch each word with wonder
heard,

Perceiv'd them virtue's dictates, and was cheer'd;

Ventur'd to throw his slavish badge aside,

And thus, with manly fortitude reply'd——

“ I was not always what I now appear,

“ But truths thy nobleness hath challeng'd, hear;

“ First, I'm a Mussulman, tho' here confin'd,

“ Must wish thee, as thy milder doctrines kind;

“ Next know, ere fallen to this most abject state,

“ Smyrna once saw me happy, tho' not great;

“ By merchandize with sumptuous affluence

“ blest,

“ And sweet content, which great ones seldom

“ taste;

“ But, oh! to have been blest brings no relief,

“ But adds a stronger bitterness to grief;

“ Forgive these tears, which utter as they flow,

“ A son's, an husband's, and a father's woe;

“ To swell each sigh, these different passions join,

“ For all these dear relations once were mine;

“ Nor was it hopes of adding to my store

“ By lawless plunder, sent me from my shore;

“ To gain in bleeding fields a cruel name,

“ Or wish on slaughter'd heaps to build my fame;

“ 'Twas duty bid me watch the coming gale,

“ And filial love, that hoisted ev'ry sail,

“ 'Twas to a father's fond embrace I went,

“ Ere yet his lamp of life was wholly spent,

“ While still a kneeling son might bless his eye,

“ Or fill his aged heart with tender joy;

“ For

" For Cyprus then I sail'd—What since besel,
 " Let these hard chains and this vile habit tell,
 " Which with for ever growing grief I bear,
 " And now the fourth sad winter sees me wear;
 " And years on years may roll, unstopp'd my
 " grief,
 " 'Till welcome death shall bring his last relief,
 " In whose cold arms, by some dire chance be-
 " tray'd,
 " My friends may long ere this believe me laid;
 " My fond old fire, perhaps, my fate unknown,
 " Wailing my ravish'd life, consumes his own;
 " And, oh! what pangs my wretched children
 " feel,

" Hast thou a tender parent, thou canst tell."
 He ceas'd, tears stopp'd his accents—and the rest
 A silence far beyond all words express'd;
 Nor spake Cornaro more;—he too was mute,
 Nor language found his fellow grief to suit,
 But struggling with a tear, and tender sigh,
 Just mutter'd out—" Friend, take this small
 supply,
 " 'Twill yield thee some relief;"——
 He took the gold, and bow'd, and slow return'd,
 And as was wont in silent sorrow mourn'd.
 Cornaro see in other guise appear,
 Sudden he stopped the unavailing tear,
 " And be," he said, " my soul thy joy ex-
 " press'd,
 " 'Tis in thy power to make the wretched
 " blest'd;

" Now

" Now I am rich indeed, since on my wealth,
 " Depends another's being, freedom, health;
 " 'Tis I can bid the sun of mercy shine,
 " This man's life, liberty, and health are mine;
 " Whate'er he has of joy, or may receive,
 " His country, children, wives, are mine to
 give;
 " Now India's lord, amid his boundless store,
 " And endless mines, compar'd with me, is
 " poor;
 " Quick then, Cornaro, to his ransom flee,
 " And let the morning sun behold him free."—

Straight to the lordly governor he went,
 His name, his rank, his cause of coming sent;
 Nor needed long to wait, his errand told,
 Bringing that ne'er-refus'd credential, gold;
 The price requir'd for liberty he gave,
 And quick return'd to find the sorrowing slave;
 And said, " Be free"—his transport who can
 tell,
 Prostrate before him in wild joy he fell,
 Which only his who caus'd it could excell,
 Gladness and wonder in his bosom wrought,
 With labouring gratitude his soul was fraught,
 Nor had he power to utter half he thought;
 " Yet—Oh! my dear deliverer," he cry'd,
 " Can such amazing worth in man reside?
 " Or can it be, that Christian doctrines teach,
 " Virtues beyond our sacred prophets reach:

" Yet

" Yet—Oh! whate'er the wondrous cause, re-
ceive,

" As much of gratitude as words can give;

" Nor let these bursting tears its force destroy,

" Slaves late of grief, soft offsprings now of joy;

" And how my deeds shall with my words agree,

" Let me once reach my country, thou shalt

" see;

" And know thy gen'rous bounty was not lost,

" I scorn to ask thee, what my freedom cost;

" That, to my gratitude has no regard,

" Up to thy worth, I'll measure thy reward,

" But can that be?"—"Stop there," Cornaro

said,

" If thou art happy, I am more than paid;

" And that thy happiness meet no delay,

" Here's gold wherewith to bear thee on thy

" way;

" If grateful thou wouldst prove—at thy return,

" Amidst those slaves, that there in bondage

" mourn,

" Search out some Christian from the wretched

" band,

" Who best may merit freedom at thy hand;

" Then think 'tis in thy power to pay my debt,

" By shewing him the mercy thou hast met."

He said;—then to his lodgings back return'd,

Honor's bright lamp within him gently burn'd,

Pleas'd he enjoy'd the rapture of his breast,

While conscience furnish'd out the noble feast.

As

As free as air from prison just broke out,
 The Turk with rapid speed the harbour sought,
 There found a ship all trim with swelling sails,
 And just prepar'd to catch the coming gales,
 Smyrna her port,—with prosperous wind she
 flies,
 And gives him to his home, and former joys.

Lavornia now, as his Ferraro known,
 Where next for knowledge has Cornaro flown,
 For a soul's banquet far he need not fly,
 Venice, old ocean's fairest child, so nigh;
 O'er the fam'd Adriatic where she stood,
 That swells unenvious of the Tuscan flood,
 When o'er the continent fell Slavery flew,
 Hither the goddess Liberty withdrew,
 Here plac'd her cap, her staff, her armour here,
 And as her own fierce Sparta held it dear;
 Each art and science this their dwelling own,
 As guardians to their goddess Freedom's throne,
 And as her handmaid, busy Commerce toils,
 Her sister goddess, Plenty, cheerful smiles.
 Here glad Cornaro fix'd, and hop'd to find
 All that might please a knowledge-loving mind,
 Where the fair column rose in beauteous wreath,
 Or sculpture seem'd to speak, or paint to breathe,
 Alas! he little thought the hour so nigh,
 When all those pleasures of his mind should die,
 The beams of science from his soul retire,
 And fade—extinguish'd by a nobler fire;

Soon

Soon as his breast receiv'd the powerful ray,
Whate'er possess'd it, instantly gave way;
Minerva sudden from his soul was fled,
And Venus reign'd successive in her stead,
While thousand fair ones in her frolic train,
Long at the youth, had bent their shafts in vain,
Launch'd from the wanton eye, they sought his
heart,

But virtue's temper still repell'd the dart;
Not all their fire, or poison need he fear,
Virtue must tip the shaft that enters there;
As diamonds scorn the keenest powers of steel,
And touch'd alone by fellow gems can feel.

One glance at last an easy passage found,
And undirected made the deepest wound;
From modesty's bright quiver it was sent,
Nor knew its beauteous owner where it went;
From chaste Delphina's powerful eye it came;
Malta, to Venice, lent the charming dame;
Malta's blest isle, whose daughters all are fair,
Whose sons to manly fortitude are dear;
To Venice by her noble father sent,
Some pleasing moons the fair-one here had spent;
Beneath a tender uncle's careful eye,
Where but to him should young Cornaro fly,
To him he did his cause of grief unfold,
His country, name, and parentage he told.
In short confess'd an honourable flame,
Begg'd his permission to address the dame;

And

And did his leave obtain, nor long he fued,
 Ere the soft maid was in her turn subdu'd,
 Nor modesty herself a blush put on,
 To be by such a lover quickly won.

Smoothly thus far to happiness he went,
 Nought now was wanting but the fire's consent ;

Which one endow'd as he, was sure to gain,
 And needed only see him to obtain,
 The observing uncle mark'd the wondrous youth,
 Fathom'd his love, his constancy, and truth ;
 Said to her father, pleas'd he them would speed,
 With rapturous joy the enamour'd youth agreed ;
 Lo with her precious freight the vessels stor'd,
 Cornaro, and his happiness on board ;
 Bless'd with chaste beauty he such trifles scorn'd,
 As Jason stole, or Menelaus had mourn'd ;
 Can gold the heart like conquering beauty move,
 Or what is lust, compar'd to sacred love ?

And now for Malta, with full sails they stand,
 Came, saw, and all but touch'd the promis'd land,

When, oh ! sad scene of Fortune's altering brow,
 False as the skies above, or seas below,
 A Turkish galley mark'd them from afar,
 Pursu'd the vessel, unprepar'd for war,
 Resistance vain, by numbers overbore,
 They led them captives unto Smyrna's shore ;

Oh !

Oh! pitying sight!—no language can express
The uncle's, virgin's, lover's deep distress;
Compar'd with which the mangling knife wou'd
 please,
And the fierce rack's severest pain be ease.

And now expos'd to public sale they stood,
Amidst the chaffering Turks insulting crowd;
Immortal souls, the property decreed,
Of the best bidder like the grass-fed steed;
Even this the lovers bore—each other near,
And yet unparted, felt no full despair:
But see at length accomplish'd woe arrive,
To deal the last sad wound she had to give,
Her fable store she cull'd, the dart to find,
Nor left one half so venom'd shaft behind;
Amongst the dealers in this cruel fair,
Traffic accurs'd, that makes mankind its ware;
A youthful Turk pass'd poor Cornaro by,
Health flush'd his cheek, and lust inflam'd his
 eye,

And to the female slaves his way he bent;
'Twas there his gold must have its wanton vent;
How should Delphina then escape his sight,
Too fatally, in spite of sorrow, bright,
Her breast stole beauty from the heaving sigh,
Nor could the tear that drown'd eclipse her
 eye,

But, falling on her damask cheek, it stood
Like the pearl dew-drop, on the morning bud;

He

He quickly saw the too distinguish'd fair,
 And thought his prophet's paradise was there;
 Her price at once, unquestioning, he paid,
 The fatal veil around her beauties spread,
 And led exulting off the swooning maid;
 'Twas then Cornaro felt distress compleat,
 And knew the worst extreme of torturing fate,
 Furies to plague him now had strove in vain,
 And gnawing vultures not express'd his pain,
 Too fierce for human nature to sustain,
 He sunk beneath his sorrow's dreadful load,
 And senseless, from excess of pain, he stood.
 When, lo! one graver Turk among the rest,
 And more distinguish'd by his richer vest,
 A nicer curiosity express'd;
 Each slave examin'd as he pass'd along,
 And on each circumstance attentive hung;
 He ask'd their country, parentage, and name,
 And how each mournful wretch a slave became,
 Behold him to Cornaro then apply,
 Full on his face he fix'd a stedfast eye,
 Then ask'd his soul if what he saw was true,
 And that it was, from sure reflection knew;
 His nerves all trembling with the glad surprize,
 To Heaven he stretch'd his hands, and rais'd his
 eyes;
 And then—"I thank thee, Mahomet," he said,
 "Hither by thy divine direction led;"
 Sounds struck Cornaro's ear, he ought to know,
 And waked him from his dismal trance of woe,

He

He saw the Turk prepar'd for his embrace,
Mark'd the glad transport sparkling in his face,
Saw 'twas the very slave he once set free,
And cried aloud, "Great God of hosts, 'tis he!"
Then folded in each others arms they stood,
And words were lost in joy's o'erbearing flood;
The Turk at length recovering, rear'd his head,
"And now," he said, "my mighty debt be paid;
"Which wert not thou the slave I here survey,
"Peruvian mines were much too poor to pay."—
To the man-merchant then he reach'd his hand,
"And take," he said, "whate'er thy wants demand,
"Quick set my friend and his companions free,
"Name thou the price, I instantly agree;"
The ransom'd, home he led in bounteous state,
His swelling soul with godlike joy elate,
His lofty hall with richest sophas grac'd,
His wives, his children, in due order plac'd,
(Such was his will, tho' hidden his intent)
Sate with mute wonder, waiting the event,
Amidst them all, he then Cornaro led,
And wip'd away a tear of joy, and said—
"You of my licens'd bed, the partners fair,
"Who my divided love, yet equal share,
"And you the issue of my honest joys,
"If aught my precepts did, ye generous boys,
"My children and my wives, to whom I ne'er,
"But by my dismal exile, caus'd a tear;
"H.

" If in my absence ye not falsely mourn'd,
 " If your vast joy was true when I return'd;
 " If Alla know you without guile rejoice,
 " And our dread Prophet heard your real voice;
 " Now more adore him, prostrate praise his
 " power,
 " Admire his bounty's unexhausted store;
 " But now from chains I freed the captive's
 " hands,
 " And here Cornaro, my deliverer, stands."
 All prostrate at that much-lov'd name they fell,
 How touch'd, great Gratitude alone can tell;
 Great Gratitude, that dictated their joy,
 Smil'd on each cheek, and spoke in ev'ry eye;
 The Turk, with rapture, saw the pleasing scene,
 The heart-felt joy ran warm thro' ev'ry vein,
 Their gratitude his inmost soul approv'd,
 That loudly told how much himself was lov'd,
 Now haste, he said, the sumptuous feast pre-
 pare,
 My wives, to deck the banquet be your care,
 As if great Ottoman himself were here;
 " For know the imperial crescent's sacred flame,
 " Cannot more homage than Cornaro claim,
 " And you, my sons, whate'er my wardrobes
 " boast,
 " What crimson, gold, or gems, can have of
 " cost,
 " Bring forth, but oh! however rich the dress,
 " How poorly will it his soul's worth express,
 " Come

" Come then, my friend ;—but why that down-
" cast eye,

" That cheek yet pale; and that still heaving
" sigh?

" Freedom thou hast, and what else wealth can
" give,

" Are mine to give ;—thine only to receive."

Cornaro blushed, and sigh'd, and would have
spoke,

But as he strove, tears still his accents broke,
The uncle saw, yet silent, his distress,
And what he cou'd not, ventur'd to express,
Told the whole tale of love—the fair pourtray'd,
Pencill'd the semblance, of the charming maid,
Ere that perhaps, some Turk's abandon'd prey,
Torn from Cornaro's arms for e'er away,
Cornaro doom'd no other bliss to prove,
But life and freedom's slave, bereft of love;
The Turk with anguish heard the fatal tale,
Fearing his utmost bounty here must fail,
Fearing he never could the maid restore,
Already slave to some lewd tyrant's power,
Immers'd already in some fatal grove,
Where brutal lust usurps the name of love;
Some close seraglio's gloom, from whose dark
bourne

No maid did e'er inviolate return;
But as the thought perplex'd his labouring brain,
And every hope that rose, he still found vain;

His son, all sudden smiling, raised his head
 (The elder blessing of his fruitful bed)
 Then bow'd again, and smote his breast, and
 said,

“ Thee, first Creator, Alla, I adore,
 “ Untraced, mysterious, wonder-working Power!
 “ How can thy lowest servant's untry'd noon
 “ Of useless life, deserve so vast a boon!
 “ Be hush'd all griefs, and open every ear,
 “ My words, with rapture, let Cornaro hear,
 “ And let my fire his genuine offspring own,
 “ While I not vainly boast I am his son;
 “ If my exulting soul aright divine,
 “ To make Cornaro bless'd, is only mine,
 “ For know these walls contain the pictur'd fair,
 “ Chaste yet as snow, and pure as noontide air;
 “ Hasten then, ye slaves, he said, and quick return,
 “ With the fair Christian, whom I bought this
 “ morn.”

Return'd, Delphina, blest their eager eyes,
 And filled each generous soul with sweet surprize,
 Then thus again, the Turk with graceful air,
 As to her lord he led the blushing fair;
 “ My friend, in this blest moment be it mine,
 “ Taught by thyself, to shew a soul like thine,
 “ Forgive a vaunt, 'tis Virtue sends it forth,
 “ A soul that strives e'en with Cornaro's worth;
 “ In thy gay paradise, great Prophet hear,
 “ By Mecca's sacred temple, here I swear,
 “ Were

" Were all the treasures here before my sight,
 " That filled Damascus' glittering plains with
 " light,
 " When in full triumph furious Caled rode,
 " And drenched the Syrian sword in Grecian
 " blood,
 " Should our great Sultan say, ' this maid resign,
 " And the whole wealth of all the East is thine'
 " From him unhesitating I would turn,
 " And look upon the trifling bribe with scorn;
 " Beauty like this, which wondering we survey,
 " 'Tis virtue only in exchange can pay;
 " 'Tis thee, bright goddess, Virtue, I pursue,
 " To thy great self, I raise the aspiring view,
 " Thus prostrate thy Almighty power I own,
 " And sacrifice my passions at thy throne."

So saying, with a smile, their hands he join'd,
 And his rich prize without a sigh resign'd :
 Virtue was pleased, and owned in Heaven above,
 How deeds like these, even gods with pleasure
 move,

Gentle Compassion shed a tear of joy,
 And Gratitude, loud shouted thro' the sky;
 What joy the ravished lover's souls possess'd,
 How all around, their vast delight express'd,
 What conscious pleasure touch'd the father's
 breast;

Lost in the attempt, the salt'ring muse proves
 weak,

Let children, parents, lovers, virtue speak.

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 weak,
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THE CONSOLATION.

AIR.

Whence rises this odour which fills all the air,
And richly impregnates the breath of the
morn?

Arise, lovely Delia, and let us repair,
To yon verdant bank, that is shaded with
thorn.

Ah! see in the grass, how the violet lies hid,
Its beautiful head is bow'd down to the
ground,

And we visit its humble retirement unbid,
Only led by the sweets it diffuses around.

RECITATIVE.

Quickly I took it from its nest
And placed it on my Delia's breast,
There, while amid superior charms it hung,
Again I struck my lyre, and thus I sung.

AIR.

Emblem of Delia's modesty,
Here from concealment rise;
Like her, from Envy's shade be free,
Like her, adorn the skies;
Here, happy flower, rejoice to dwell,
Near to that virtuous heart,
Whose truth, whose meekness can repel
Detraction's baneful dart.

AIR.

AIR.

Smile on this flower, my gentle maid,
 And mark the lesson it conveys;
 That Merit in Misfortune's shade,
 Shou'd ne'er despair of *brighter days*.

ANNA.

THE SHEPHERD'S ADVICE.

A PASTORAL.

Scene, A COTTAGE.—Time, WINTER.

I.

COME learn of me, my rural friends,
 Who would the sweets of life enjoy;
 Come see where mirth, with virtue blends,
 And social cares the hours employ;
 Come see, around my chearful fire,
 Domestic blessings on me wait;
 Whate'er 'tis virtuous to desire,
 Here dwells within my peaceful gate.

II.

We know no charms in folly's train,
 We feel no pain from envy's dart;
 The guilty pleasures of the vain,
 No wish excite, no joys impart;

Secure within ourselves we find,
 Felicity they cannot bring,
 The treasure of the virtuous mind,
 The golden age which poets sing.

III.

Nor here are social joys forgot,
 Some swain whose heart with friendship glows,
 Shares the free comforts of our cot,
 The peaceful scene still brighter grows.
 Now guiltless mirth our hearts inspire,
 O'er many a past delight we rove,
 While Mary wakes the rural lyre,
 To friendship or to faithful love.

IV.

Enjoy with me this heart-felt ease,
 Leave envy, folly, noise, and strife,
 Comforts unmixt, enjoy like these,
 That smooth the rugged paths of life,
 Like me be happy, blythe, and gay,
 Nor my sweet homely joys despise,
 But ere youth's season glides away,
 The shepherd's transports learn to prize.

ANNA.

AN

AN APOLOGY.

FOR NOT WEEPING OVER

THE REMAINS OF A DEAR FRIEND,

FOUND IN THE UPPER ROOMS, BATH.

COLD drops that tear which blazens common
woe;

What callous rock retains its crysal rill?
Ne'er will the softened mould its liquid shew;
Deep sink the waters that are smooth and still.

Ah! when sublimely agonized I stood,
And memory gave her beauteous frame a sigh;
While feeling triumph'd in my heart's warm
flood,

Grief drank the offering ere it reach'd the
eye.

V E T E R O N A.

Oh! happy Poverty! thou chiefest good
Bestow'd by Heaven, but seldom understood.

AS the admired Lavinia was one day walk-
in the fields of P——, melancholy with the
remembrance of past misfortunes, and disturb-
ed with the prospect of future distress; after
having wandered over flowery valleys, regard-
less of their beauties, and through tuneful
woods, undelighted with their melody, she was
observed, by the companion of her retirement,
to fix her eyes, with unusual earnestness, upon
a little cottage built with turf, and covered with
straw, which the interposition of a tall hedge
had hindered them from seeing, 'till they were
almost at the door. Here Lavinia stood gaz-
ing, as at a sight unexpected, and surprizing;
at length a sigh broke from her bosom, and soon
after a placid smile beamed on her countenance,
such as proceeds from a sense of ease, rather
than of transport; such as accompanies, not the
emotions of triumphant gaiety, but the calm of
unruffled quiet: This interval of cheerfulness
soon gave way to another sigh, and that sigh
was succeeded by a second smile: She then re-
lapsed into a settled pensiveness, and taking her
eyes

eyes off the cottage, turned homewards without speaking.

Her companion, whom the awe of superior accomplishments, as well as the fear of appearing disrespectful to the unfortunate, had hitherto kept silent, could no longer support the pain of unsatisfied curiosity: "I hope madam," said she, with an air timorous, and irresolute, "you will favour my enquiry with a softer name than impertinence, if I confess my impatience to know the cause of that unusual perturbation, which your looks discovered at the sight of yonder cottage."—Here she stopped, but observing Lavinia, though still silent, yet not displeased—"If the sight of that solitary cot," said she, "awakened your remembrance to any poetical description of peaceful poverty, which by its pleasing ideas alternately excited, and soothed your melancholy; permit, Madam, an inferior understanding to remind you, that nothing ought to affect us but what is real:—nothing can be more unworthy to an experienced mind, than to envy the possession, solicit the enjoyment, or languish for the want of imaginary happiness. The amusing images of felicity are no more than the blissful dreams of a luxuriant fancy. I have, after a perusal of Cowley, made a short rural excursion to visit those retreats of quiet, and trace the footsteps of Astræa; but how was

I disappointed, when instead of serenity and content, I beheld nothing but gloomy, and repining poverty, which claimed more my charity than envy. Every place appeared the haunt, either of misery or wretchedness. The little distinctions of dress and language, made me treated, either with a savage rudeness that deforms, or a creeping servility that debases human nature. Soon weary of this dismal prospect, I returned affrighted and disgusted, and felt a thousand vicissitudes of horror and compassion. I give my dear Lavinia this account of my rambles, with a view of preserving her from one error, who has rescued me from so many, by recalling her attention from airy visions, which while they please us, it is impossible not to wish, and difficult not to believe real. But if my conjecture be ill-grounded, and there be any more particular cause of your concern"—The young lady was going on, when she was interrupted by the sudden approach of some ladies of the same family, who like them, had been invited to walk by the coolness of the day. Their conversation immediately grew too polite to be rational, and turned wholly upon trifling objects, till the bell called them to dinner.

After dinner, Lavinia, whose good sense did not suffer her to be much diverted with talk which
had

had no meaning, or laughter without a jest, as soon as civility gave her leave, retired with her companion, who shewed that she had not forgot the request she had made in the morning, by taking occasion, when they were private, of mentioning their walk, and the cottage they had met with; this was far from offending Lavinia, who being herself desirous of recollecting, and dwelling upon the pleasing scene, readily promised to gratify her favourite. At last, that they might not be disturbed by another visit from the triflers in the house, they withdrew into a wood, solitary, dark, and solemn, such as those in which the priests of old courted the inspiration of their fancied deities, and in which the philosopher still attends the dictates of unclouded reason, and the poet pursues the thoughts of disencumbered fancy.

When they had seated themselves on a rising turf, at the foot of a tree—"Know, my dear Floretta," began Lavinia, "that in these woods, fields, and meadows, I passed those years of early life, which every one remembers with pleasure, either for their happiness, or innocence; here I played serene and gladsome, without any other thought but of the present, and in my little roving paid frequent visits to the neighbouring cottagers. The regard they shewed to my superior circumstances gave me, young

as I was, such a degree of pleasure, as made me fond of conversing with them, and the little kindnesses which I could do them, by my recommendation at home, made them desirous of entertaining me. Among these I contracted the greatest familiarity with Veterona, who lived at that little habitation which we stopped at in our morning walk. She made, even then, so strong an impression upon me, that I remember distinctly all the particulars of her life, which either my observation, or enquiry informed me of. "She was a native of this village, and lived all her life here, without any loose desire of seeking her fortune, or chimerical expectation of meeting with advancement in distant places. Being always averse to service, she had no borrowed vices, nor imitated follies: She was unacquainted with the false pleasures of luxury and expence, and what she knew nothing of, neither desired nor enjoyed. Her wants were the wants of nature. She had not habituated herself to falsehood, by flattering the vanity of a gaudy mistress, nor learned the art of shedding tears for trifles, or bearing insolence with an affected submission. But having thus escaped the general source of corruption, and at the same time excluded herself from all hopes of any assistance but that of Providence, she maintained herself by an honest and unwearied industry, free from distress, and above dependence.

"It is the right of every cottager to graze a cow on the adjoining common: This privilege was Veterona's estate. She had, before I knew her, purchased a cow, I suppose with what she had saved out of the wages of her daily labour. From her she was supplied with milk, butter, and cheese, part of which she lived on, and part she carried to the market.

"In a little garden close to the house, she had a row of bee-hives; by which, when no other business called her away, she sat knitting with an heart easy, and face cheerful. How often have I, with delight, contemplated the pleasing scene, while seated on her little straw bosc, under the shade of a luxuriant sycamore, with a kercher as white as a snow-drop, and apron blue as an hare-bell, her peaceful life glided along in sweet serenity; the hum of the active insects, while they culled the treasures of her thyme, and lavender, entertained her ear, and the example of their labour excited her industry. Thus, what would have been wretchedness and poverty, in the estimation of those who have been accustomed to fashionable life, was ease and affluence, in the natural condition of humanity. The neatness and regularity of her house, unlike those which you were describing, and unusual in her station, made me then frequent it, and now makes me remember it with

with great satisfaction; her furniture, and utensils of the cheapest sort, were always clean and always in order; every thing about her seemed to be under the direction of prudence, and the smiles of Heaven.

“When she rose in the morning her devotions were her first employment; her earliest and purest thoughts were offered to her Creator, in a form of humble adoration. She then read a short portion of the holy scriptures with a sincere and earnest attention, not with a view of reconciling them or interpreting them in her own favour, but of regulating her behaviour by their unerring rules; nor till those duties were performed did she suffer her mind to fix upon the business of the day. She then milked her cow, and made her cheese; after which she sat down by her bees, and, except the little time spent at her meals, worked till evening. She never went far from home, her longest journey, like that of the Old Man in your darling Cowley, was to the next market, where she sold the produce of her little dairy, received the price of her knitting, and bought what her own cow and garden did not afford her. At the close of the evening she again milked her cow, and concluded the day with reading and devotions. Devotions! so far as we may presume to judge, not unheard, since offered by one who lived in the

the

the practice of all the duties that fell within her compass of action: Devotions! which drew upon Veterona the eyes of those angelic beings, who look with contempt on pompous greatness, and turn away with abhorrence from prosperous wickedness, and opened to her those regions of eternal happiness, whither many, who now boast their ample fortunes and extensive capacities, shall never arrive.

“ Thus was her life one uniform scene of innocence and piety; not saddened by misfortune, nor varied by caprice: She enjoyed a health scarce interrupted till the age of seventy, and then dying of a short illness, was found possessed of sixty pounds which she had laid up, that when she should be able to work no longer, she might not subsist upon the labour of others.

“ Such was the inhabitant of that little cottage, a place more venerable than the splendid residences of sloth and luxury! when we sit in this solitude, out of the sight of men, and unbiassed by their customs, when we are not afraid of being ridiculed by Wit, or wondered at by Folly; is it possible to doubt a moment which to prefer? Can rational beings put weeks, months, and years trifled away in unimproving talk, idle visits, and empty amusements, in competition with Veterona's useful labour? But if

we look further into the conduct of those who stand in higher life, and add their vices to their follies, if with the time lost in thoughtless diversions, we reckon that which is wasted by unlawful passions, in ambitious pursuits, or criminal amours; if we reflect on the allurements to wickedness, and discouragements to virtue, we shall be still more convinced of the happiness of obscurity. 'Tis certain, that with whatever contempt we may now look on so narrow a circle of life, most of us will, at a time when we shall think most justly, wish to have been confined to it."

"You will now no longer wonder, my Floretta, that as I was walking, oppressed with the weight of my own misfortunes, I could not forbear some emotion, when the sight of her cottage placed before my eyes, the happy life and peaceful death of the contented, the industrious, the innocent Veterona."

"How great the blessing and how vast the art:

"To live on little with a thankful heart!"

A.

TO

TO STELLA.

COME Stella, banish from thy breast
 These toilsome thoughts that break thy rest;
 Tho' friends prove false, and wealth is flown,
 This grassy bank is still thy own.
 Here let us sit, and view around
 The blue expanse, and deep profound;
 See, how the great Creator pours
 His bounteous gifts in fruits, and flowers,
 To feed the Raven, and the Dove,
 Alike they share his boundless love,
 That Peacock with his gaudy train,
 That proudly struts, and pecks the grain,
 Is not more precious in his sight,
 Than the dull Owl that shuns the light;
 If thus he, with a parent's hand,
 Feeds the poor Sparrow, decks the land,
 Shall we, his last great work, repine,
 Or murmur at his will divine?

ANNA.

ODE

ODE TO FANCY.

SPORTIVE Fancy, spread thy wing;
Gently tune the lyric string;
Teach the muse such strains to sing,
Softly pleasing as the spring.

Without thy aid, how sad the hour,
When drifted snow arrays the land;
When Boreas lets loose all his power,
And sturdy swains cold shivering stand.

When not one chearful friend is nigh
To raise a smile, or chase the sigh;
Opprest by nameless ills we die;
To banish care, in vain we try.

But by thy gladsome presence drawn,
We rove the hill, the vale, and lawn,
With rapture view each budding thorn,
Dipt in dew at early morn.

Thy pencil guides our thoughts around,
Cross towering Alps, and depths profound,
Where ploughshare never broke the ground,
Or print of human foot was found,
From distant India's sun-burnt plain,
To Greenland's ice, and dire domain,
Thy magic quickly wafts us o'er,
Or lands us safe on Gallic shore.

Nor

Nor can the ocean e'er controul,
Our search, when thou hast fir'd the soul;
We scoff at Neptune's furious train,
And boldly launch the boisterous main,
Even Death's strong barriers we defy,
And long that hidden state to try;
Nor wait the fabled Charon's oar,
The end of all things to explore.

Presumptive Fancy, cease thy flight,
Nor dare to tread those paths of light,
By heavenly wisdom veiled from sight,
In shades of everlasting night.
Contented draw the enameled mead,
On banks of Thames, or silver Tweed,
Where lassies stray, of peerless mein,
Brighter than the Cyprian queen.

Paint the sweet pellucid rill,
Trickling down the moss-grown hill,
While the little fluttering bee,
Honey sips of flowers, and tree.
Shew the village joyous all,
Reaping on the river's side;
Or the ivy-mantled cell
Where monastic bards reside.

Now the sun sinks in the west,
Flocks, and herds supinely lay;
Jockey quitting toil for rest,
To the hamlet bends his way.

Watchful

Watchful Snap at door is laid,
 Scents his step along the glade;
 Swift he runs, the swain to meet,
 Fawning yelps, and licks his feet.

Jenny, busied all the day
 With her household cares, and wheel,
 Gleeful puts them all away,
 To provide the frugal meal.
 Happy such, the rural kind,
 Who wou'd king, or statesman be?
 Fancy, thus employ my mind,
 And I'll ask no friend but thee.

ANNA.

UPON THE LOVE OF GOD.

COULD we with ink the ocean fill,
 Was the whole earth of parchment made,
 Was every single stick a quill,
 Was every man a scribe by trade,
 To write the love of God above,
 Would drain the ocean dry;
 Nor could the scroll, contain the whole,
 Tho' stretch'd from earth to sky.

H. H. H. W.

ANNA.

THE
LIFE OF THE HAPPY MAN.

—"The path of Virtue leads through the temple of Religion, and the vale of Peace, up to the throne of God."—

THE happy man was born in the city of Regeneration, in the parish of Repentance unto Life.—He was educated at the school of Obedience, and now lives in the plain of Perseverance. He works at the trade of Diligence, notwithstanding he has a large estate in the county of Christian-contentment;—and many times does jobs of Self-denial.—He wears the plain garment of Humility, and has a better suit to put on when he goes to court, called the Robe of Christ's Righteousness.—He often walks in the valley of Self-abasement, and sometimes climbs the mountains of Spiritual-mindedness.—He breakfasts every morning on Spiritual Prayer, and sups every evening on the same.—He has meat to eat which the world knows not of, and his drink is the sincere milk of the word.—Thus happy he lives, and happy he dies.

Happy is he who has gospel submission in his will;—due order in his affections;—sound peace in

in his conscience;—sanctifying grace in his soul;
—real divinity in his heart;—the Redeemer's
yoke on his neck;—the vain world under his
feet;—and a crown of glory over his head.—
Happy is the life of such a one;—in order to
attain which—pray fervently—believe firmly—
wait patiently—watch abundantly—live holy—
die daily—watch your hearts—guide your senses
—redeem your time—love Christ—and long for
glory.

A.

ON THE

SUDDEN DEATH OF

A YOUNG GENTLEMAN.

AH! shalt thou, F——r, unregarded die,
Nor from one bosom steal a pitying sigh?
From thy sad exit, thousands shall receive
A better lesson, than thy life could give,

Admired, and flattered by the rich and gay,
Thy time unthinking, idly passed away;
Oft in the whirl of folly hast thou been,
The first to mingle in the giddy scene;
Oft did thy wit, with brilliant lustre shine,
Bright as the polish'd produce of the mine.

But

But fairest flowers, by wintry blasts will die,
And Fame's proud votaries in the grave must lie ;
Death views with scorn, the joys which mortals
prize,
Nor gold, nor grandeur, charm his savage eyes ;
When e'er he comes, a desolated band,
Weep round the couch, or at the pillow stand,
But weep in vain ;—the unrelenting Power,
With cruel swiftness, speeds the fatal hour ;
Soon in the breast of F——r fixed his dart,
And, unexpected, rankled in his heart :
Short was the time to recollection given,
And short the period, to prepare for Heaven.
In that dread moment, when the vital fire,
Shone faintly dim, as ready to expire ;
Could thy bright talents, balmy comfort bring,
Rob death of terror, and the grave of sting ;
Point a smooth passage to the silent tomb,
Or open pleasures in the world to come ?
Ah ! these are vain, for hourly we are told,
That death regards not beauty, wit, or gold ;
Wealth, which o'er all things else, exerts its sway,
Must the stern tyrant's stronger power obey ;
Death levels all, and in the gloomy grave,
Humbles the haughty monarch with the slave.
To F——r's memory let a tear be given,
For meek-ey'd Charity was sent from Heaven ;
And for his death, shall youths and maidens sigh,
And aged matrons wipe the tearful eye ;

Then

Then look around, and think that life is vain,
 A scene of care, anxiety, and pain;
 But fear, like him, to meet an early tomb,
 And rush from life in beauty's fairest bloom;
 And should we give to human reasoning way,
 His mental powers had claim'd a longer stay;
 But Heaven best knows to fix our mortal span,
 And point the date to oft misjudging man;
 To blast the rose, ere half its sweets are known,
 And crop the flower, before it's fully blown;
 Beauty is vain, and Wit a transient blaze;
 'Tis pure Religion lives the life of praise;
 Secures our hopes, and seats our prospects high,
 Seals our pretensions to our native sky;
 On every coast, in every varying clime,
 Withstands the wreck of all subduing Time;
 Lives in the heart—supports, when ills assail,
 And smooths the roughness of the adverse gale;
 Can blunt the shaft that keen reflection throws,
 And hush the sob of anguish to repose;
 Vain are all tears, and vain our longest span,
 For Virtue only, is the friend of man.

From thy most awful exit we may learn,
 To prize the time, that never will return;
 To use those moments that so swiftly fly,
 And ere we know to live—prepare to die.

ANNA.

HERVEY.

WHEN ON A SICK-BED, I—
TO A FRIEND.

—MY health is continually on the decline, and the springs of life are all relaxing; my strength is removing, and departing from me as a shepherd's tent; medicine is baffled, and my physician, Doctor Stonehouse, who is a dear friend to his patient, and a lover of the Lord Jesus, pities, but cannot succour me.

Now I apprehend myself to be near the close of life, and stand, as it were, on the brink of the grave, with eternity full in my view, perhaps my dear friend would be willing to know my sentiments of things in this awful situation; at such a juncture the mind is most unprejudiced, and the judgment not so liable to be dazzled by the glitter of worldly objects.

I have, for my own part, been fond of reading every thing elegant, and valuable that hath been penned in our own language, and been particularly charmed with the historians, orators, and poets of antiquity;—but was I to re-

new my studies, I would take my leave of these accomplished trifles—I would resign the delights of modern wits amusements and eloquence, and devote my attention to the scriptures of truth;—I would sit with much greater assiduity at my divine master's feet, and desire to know nothing but Jesus-Christ, and him crucified.

ODE TO MELANCHOLY

HEART corrosive, care away,
 Let me see one cheerful day;
 Nor with tinge of sable hue
 Thus my hourly thoughts pursue.
 What if fortune frowns on me,
 Must thou still my inmate be;
 Haunt my walks, my rest invade,
 Come, Contentment, lend thy aid;
 Drive this tyrant from my breast,
 Dwell with me, and make me blest;
 Fancy then will soaring fly,
 Nature's bounty to descry;
 Then by brush, or with my quill,
 Pleased I'll paint the bubbling rill,
 The shrub-grown hill, each flow'ry scene,
 Of poppy'd field, or meadow green;
 With

With all the blithesome Sylvan train,
That laugh and toll upon the plain;
Each hedge-row'd path, where Nancy roves,
To join the music of the groves;
Joyous, if the chance to spy
Jemmy of the farm draw nigh;
Blushes then her face adorn,
Refulgent as the new-sprung morn.
When Aurora leaves her bed,
To deck the Eastern skies in red,
Proceed, my muse, pursue thy flight,
And gain the mountain's topmost height;
There charm'd, behold the landscape round,
Each furrow'd field with plenty crown'd,
What numerous herds the pastures grace,
View these and tune thy song of praise
To Him, to that all bounteous hand,
That with such verdure crowns the land,
Who gives yon silver streams to flow,
That heals and softens human woe;
Sustains and animates the swain,
To turn the glebe and sow the grain,
And when diurnal labours done,
Home he returns at set of sun,
Whistling and happy, when he sees
His prattling offspring on his knees,
With pleasures feeds on rural fare,
Then seeks his rest devoid of care;
Contented with his humble lot,
To him a palace is his cot.

Thus having pass'd a virtuous life,
 Stranger to envy, fraud, and strife,
 When numbing age his limbs assails,
 When hair turns grey, and vision fails,
 Without one pang he yields his breath,
 Nor dreads thy sting, pale tyrant Death!
 The village all attend his bier,
 While every eye lets fall a tear;
 A rural monument they raise,
 Where rustic verse records his praise,
 And gives a lesson to each swain,
 How they may endless joys obtain.

ANNA.

THE

BEAUTIES OF WERTER.

MY mind is calm and serene like the first
 fine mornings of spring; solitude and tranquil-
 lity in a country so suited to a disposition like
 mine, give me an enjoyment of life.—Thine un-
 dulating vapours are spread over the plain, thick
 tufted trees defend me from the meridian sun,
 which only chequers my shade with a few rays.
 —Here, extended on the long grass near the fall
 of

of a brook I admire the infinite variety of plants, and grow familiar with all the little insects that surround me, as they hum amongst the flowers or creep in the grass:—Then I feel the all-powerful breath of that Being who created us, whose eternal love supports and comforts us:—Oh! that I could express, that I could describe these great conceptions with the same warmth, with the same energy that they are impressed on my soul! but the sublimity of them astonishes and overpowers me.

Here is a fountain to which I am attached by a sort of enchantment. It is a spring of pure and clear water, which gushes from the rock in a cave at the bottom of one of the hills; about twenty rough steps lead to it; the high trees which hang over it, the cool refreshing air of the place, every thing is agreeable, interesting, striking—I never fail to go to it every day, and generally pass an hour there.—The young girls come from the town to fetch water from it—innocent and necessary employment; and formerly the occupation of kings daughters.—The time of the patriarchs presents itself to my imagination—I see our ancestors concluding treaties and making alliances by the side of fountains, propitious angels bearing witness. Whoever does not enter into these sensations, my dear friend, has never really enjoyed cool re-

pose by the side of a spring after a long summer's walk.

—You know my way of choosing a little favourite spot, how I make my arrangements and settle myself in it:—I have found one here which entirely suits me.—About a league from the town is a place called Walheim. It is very agreeably situated on the side of a hill, from one of the paths which lead out of the village, you have a view of the whole country, and there is a good old woman who sells wine, coffee, and tea there; but better than all this are two lime-trees before the church which spread their branches over a little green, surrounded by barns and cottages. I have seen few places more retired or peaceful. I send for a chair and table from the old woman's, and there I drink my coffee and read Homer.—It was by accident I discovered this place one fine afternoon:—all was perfect stillness;—every body was in the fields except a little boy about four years old who was sitting on the ground, and holding between his knees a child of about six months, he pressed it to his bosom with his little arms, which made a sort of great chair for it, and notwithstanding the vivacity which sparkled in his black eyes, he sat perfectly still.—Quite delighted with this scene, I sat down on a plough opposite, and had great pleasure in drawing

drawing this little family groupe and picture of brotherly tenderness;—I added a bit of the hedge, the barn-door, and some broken cart-wheels, without any order just as they happened to lie, and in about an hour I found I had made a drawing of great expression and very correct design without having put in any thing of my own.—Quite lost in my ideas of painting, I sat for two hours upon the plough, and towards evening a young woman with a basket on her arm came running to the children, who had not moved in all that time.—“You are a very good boy, Philip,” she called out.—I got up and went towards her, and asked if she was the mother of those pretty children? she answered that she was, gave the eldest a cake, took the little one in her arms and kissed it with a mother’s tenderness;—“I left the young child with Philip,” said she, “while I went to the town with his brother to buy some white bread, some sugar, and an earthen pot to make broth for Jenny to-night.”—I enquired where her other son was; and while she was telling me that he was driving home two geese; he came skipping up to us and gave Philip a little ozier twig.—I continued talking to the mother, and found she was the schoolmaster’s daughter, and that her husband was gone to Holland upon the death of an uncle he had there.—“My husband found he should be cheated of his inheritance,”

tance," said she, "for he wrote and received no answer to his letters, and so he went himself. I have not heard of him since he set out; God grant that no harm may have happened to him!"—I left this good woman with regret, gave her a creutzer to buy white bread for little Jenny when she went next to the town, and a creutzer a piece to the boys, and so we parted.

Yes, my dear friend, when I am no longer master of myself, nothing is more calculated to appease the tumult of my senses than the sight of such a tranquil being.—She moves with a happy thoughtlessness in the confined circle of her existence, day after day passes without disquietude; and the falling leaves raise no idea but that of approaching winter.—Since that first evening I have gone very often to the same place: the children are become familiar with me; they have a bit of sugar when I drink my coffee, and at night they partake of my whey and bread and butter.—On Sunday, they regularly receive their creutzer, for if I am not there after evening service, the old woman has orders to make the distribution.

When I go to Walheim at sun-rise, I gather my own pease, and sit in a corner to shell them and read Homer.—When I go into the little kitchen and make a soup of them, I figure to myself

myself the illustrious lovers of Penelope, killing and dressing their own meat. All descriptions of the patriarchal life give me the most calm and agreeable ideas; and now, thank Heaven, I can compare to it the life I lead myself.—

Happy is it for me that my heart is capable of feeling the same simple and innocent pleasure as the peasant who sees on his table the cabbage he has raised with his own hand; and who not only enjoys his meal, but remembers also with delight the fine morning in which he planted it, the soft evenings in which he watered it, and the pleasure he had in seeing it grow and flourish. * * * * *

Such, my friend, is our fate!—I do not murmur at it;—the flowers of life do but just shew themselves—how many pass away and leave no trace behind! how few are succeeded by fruit, and the fruit how rarely does it ripen! alas! is it not strange, my friend, that we should suffer to perish and decay the little which remains and ripens!

—Albert promised me to come with Charlotte into the garden immediately after supper. I was upon the terrace under the chestnut trees, and saw the setting sun, my eyes for the last time saw him sink beneath this delightful valley and silent stream.—I had often been upon the same spot with Charlotte, and seen the same glorious sight; and now I walked up and down

this walk so dear to me; a secret sympathy had often detained me there before I knew Charlotte, and we were pleased when early in our acquaintance we found we had both the same predilection for this place.—Under the chestnut trees there is an extensive view—but I remember that I mentioned this to you before in a letter, and described how high copses inclose the end of it; how the walk through the wood becomes darker and darker till it ends in a recess formed by the thickest trees, and which has all the charms of gloomy solitude.—I still remember the tender melancholy that came over my heart the first time I entered this silent deep retreat.—I had scarce spent half an hour undisturbed in pensive ideas, when I heard them come up the terrace. I flew to meet them, and trembling took Charlotte's hand, just as we reached the top of the terrace, the moon appeared behind a hill covered with wood; conversing on various subjects, we came to the dark recess—Charlotte went in and sat down—Albert sat down by her side—I did the same—but my agitation did not suffer me to continue long seated.—I got up and stood before her—walked backwards and forwards—sat down again—it was a state of violent emotion.

Charlotte made us observe a fine effect of moonlight at the end of the wood, which appeared

seemed the more striking and brilliant from the darkness which surrounded the spot where we were.—We remained for some time silent, and then Charlotte said—“Whenever I walk by moonlight, it brings to my remembrance all those who were dear to me, who are no more, and I think of death and a future state.—Yes!” continued she, with a firm but touching voice, “we shall still exist, but, Werter, shall we find one another out? shall we know one another again? what presages have you; what is your opinion?”—“Charlotte,” I said, holding out my hand to her, and my eyes full of tears, “we shall again see one another here and hereafter.” I could say no more.

“And those persons who have been dear to us,” said she, “and who are now no more, do they know that when we are happy we recall them to our memory with tenderness? The shade of my mother hovers round me when in a still evening I sit in the midst of her children.—When I see them assembled about me as they used to be about her—I then raise my swimming eyes to Heaven, and wish she could look down upon us and see that I fulfil the promise which I made her in her last moments, to be a mother to her children! An hundred times have I exclaimed—Pardon, dearest of mothers! pardon me, if I am not to them all that you were,

were.—Alas! I do all that I can, they are all properly clothed and fed, and still more, they are well educated and beloved! If you could behold our mutual attachment, the harmony that subsists amongst us, you would give thanks to that Being to whom dying you addressed such fervent prayers for our happiness.”—This she said, my dear friend, but who could repeat all her words?—Albert gently interrupted her,—“My beloved Charlotte, you are too much affected, I know these recollections are dear to you, but I beg”—“Oh! Albert,” said she, “you do not forget—I know you do not, the evenings when we three, during the absence of my father, used to sit at our little round table after the children were gone to bed—you often had a book in your hand, but you seldom read any of it; and who would not have preferred the conversation of that dear woman to every thing in the world! She was beautiful, mild, cheerful, and always active. God knows how often I have knelt before him and prayed that I might be like her.”

I threw myself at her feet, I took her hands, and wetting them with my tears, said—“Charlotte! the benediction of Heaven is upon you, and the spirit of your mother”—“If you had but known her,” she said, “she was worthy of being known to you.”—“And this woman

was

was to die in the flower of her age, the youngest of her children was but six months old.—Her illness was short, she was resigned and calm, nothing gave her any anxiety but her children, and more particularly the youngest.—When she found her end approaching, she bade me go and fetch them, and when they were all round her bed, the little ones who did not know their misfortune, and the great ones who were quite overcome with sorrow, she raised her feeble hands to Heaven, hung over them and prayed for them, then kissed them one after the other, sent them back and said to me—“Be you their mother!”—I held out my hand to her—“you promise much, my child, a mother’s fondness and a mother’s care—your tears of affection and gratitude have often shewn me that you felt what was a mother’s tenderness—shew such tenderness to your brothers and sisters, and to your father be dutiful, and faithful as a wife—you will be his comfort”—She asked for him—he was gone out to hide the bitterness of his grief, he felt all that he was to lose, and his heart was in agonies.”

“You, Albert, were in the room, she heard somebody move, asked who it was, and desired you to come to her, she looked at us both with great composure and satisfaction in her countenance, and said—“They will be happy—they will

will be happy with one another."—Albert taking her in his arms cried out—"Yes! Charlotte, we are and shall be happy."—Even the calm Albert was moved—I was quite out of my senses—"And such a woman," she continued, "was to leave us, Werter! Great God! and must we thus part with every thing we hold dear in the world?"

Charlotte got up—it roused me, but I remained sitting—"Let us go," said she, "it is quite time"—she drew away her hand—"We shall see one another again," I said, "we shall find one another out under whatever form it is, we shall know one another;—I am going—yes! I am going, but if it was for ever, it would be more than I can bear.—Adieu! Charlotte! Adieu! Albert! we shall see one another again."—"Yes! to-morrow, I fancy," she added smiling.—She went down the walk, I stood and followed her with my eyes—then ran up the terrace, and there I still saw under the shade of the lime trees her white gown waving near the garden gate.

—I am not alone unfortunate; men are all disappointed in their hopes, and all their schemes fall to the ground. I have been to see the good woman under the lime trees.—The eldest boy ran to meet me—he screamed for joy, and that brought

brought out his mother—she looked very melancholy.—“Alas! my good Sir,” said she, “our poor little Jenny is dead,” (that was the youngest of her children) I answered nothing.—“And my husband,” she continued, “came back from Holland without any money.—He was taken ill with a fever, and if some good people had not relieved him, he must have been obliged to beg his bread along the road.—I could say nothing to her: I gave some money to the boy, and she offered me some apples which I accepted, and full of sorrow left the place.

—Ossian has taken the place of Homer in my heart and imagination.—To what a world does the illustrious bard carry me! to wander in heaths and wilds surrounded by impetuous whirlwinds, in which, by the feeble light of the moon, we discover the spirits of our ancestors.—To hear from the top of the mountains amidst the roaring of the waters their plaintive sounds, issuing from deep caverns and the sorrowful lamentations of a maiden who sighs and dies on the mossy tomb of the warrior, by whom she was beloved. I meet this bard with silver hair—he wanders in the valley, he seeks the footsteps of his fathers, alas! he finds only their tombs! Then contemplating the pale moon as she sinks beneath the waves of the foaming sea, the memory of time past strikes the mind of the hero—

hero—those times when the approach of danger filled his heart with exultation, and gave vigour to his nerves.—When the moon shone upon his bark, laden with the spoils of his enemies, and lighted up his triumph.—When I read in his countenance his deep sorrow—when I see his sinking glory tottering towards the grave.—When he casts a look at the cold earth which is to cover him, and cries out—“The traveller will come, he will come who has seen my beauty, and he will ask—where is the illustrious son of Fingal?”—he will walk over my tomb, and he will seek me in vain.”

—Oh! my friend, how often, when I have lain down on my bed, have I wished never to wake again, and in the morning, I open my eyes, I again behold the sun and I am wretched.—This poor bosom which formerly contained a source of delight, is now the source of all my torments.—Am I not the same man who formerly felt only agreeable sensations? Who every step he took saw Paradise before him, and whose heart was expanded and full of benevolence to the whole world. But this heart is now dead—dead to all sentiment, my eyes are dry, and my senses no longer refreshed by soft tears, wither away and perish, and consume my brain.—My sufferings are great, I have lost the only charm of my life—that active sacred power
—which

which created worlds around me, is no more: From my window I see the distant hills, the rising sun breaks through the mists—opens wide the prospect and illuminates the country.—I see the soft stream gently winding through the willows stript of their leaves.—Nature displays all her beauties before me, exhibits the most enchanting scenes, and my heart is unmoved.—I remain blind, insensible, petrified—often have I implored Heaven for tears, as the labourer prays for dews to moisten the parched corn.—But I feel it, God does not grant sunshine or rain to importunate intreaties.—Those times, the memory of which now torments me, why were they so fortunate? it was because I then waited for the blessings of the Eternal with patience, and received them with a grateful and feeling heart.

To day I went to walk by the river side about dinner time, for I could not eat—the country was gloomy and deserted—a cold and damp easterly wind blew from the mountains, and black heavy clouds spread over the plain; I perceived a man at a distance in an old great coat; he was wandering among the rocks, and seemed to be looking for plants. When I came up to him he turned about, and I saw an interesting countenance with all the marks of a settled melancholy; his fine black hair was flowing

ing on his shoulders.—“What are you looking for, friend,” said P. He answered with a deep sigh, “I am looking for flowers, and I cannot find any.”—“But this is not the season for flowers,” said L. “There are so many flowers,” he said, “I have in my garden roses and honeysuckles of two sorts, one of them I had from my father, they grow every where, I have been two whole days looking for them and I cannot find them; there are flowers too above there, yellow and blue and red, and that *camellia* which grows in such pretty clusters, I can find none of them.”—“I asked him what he intended to do with those flowers?”—“He smiled,” and holding up his finger with a mysterious air, said, “Don’t betray me, I have promised my mistress a nosegay.”—“You did well,” said L. “Oh! she has every thing,” he answered, “she is very rich.”—“And yet,” said P, “she likes your nosegay.”—“Oh! she has jewels and a crown,” he exclaimed. I asked who she was! “If the States General would pay me,” he cried out “I should be quite another man; alas! there was a time when I was so happy, but that time is past, and I am now”—He raised his swimming eyes to Heaven.—“You were then happy,” I said.—“Alas! why am I not still the same,” said he, “I was so well, so gay, so contented, I was like a fish in the water.”

—An.

—An old woman who was coming towards us, called out—"Henry, Henry, where are you? we have been looking every where for you, come to dinner." "Is that your son," I asked her?—"Yes, my poor unfortunate son," said she, "the Lord has sent us this affliction." I asked her, whether he had long been in that state? It is about six months, she answered, since he has been calm as he is now, and I thank Heaven for it. He was one whole year quite raving and chained down in a mad-house, now he does no harm to any body, but he talks of nothing but kings and emperors. He was a very good young man and helped to maintain me, he wrote a very fine hand, and all of a sudden he became melancholy, was seized with a burning fever—grew distracted, and is now as you see. If I was to tell you, Sir,"—I interrupted her by asking, at what time it was he boasted of being so happy?—"Poor boy," said she, with a smile of compassion, "it is the time in which he was entirely out of his senses, he never ceases to regret it, it is the time when he was confined, and absolutely raving."—I was thunderstruck—I put some money into his hand and went away.

"You were happy!" I exclaimed, as I walked hastily back towards the town, "you were like a fish in the water! God of Heaven! is this

this the destiny of man ! is he only happy before he possesses his reason and after he has lost it ! you are unfortunate, and I envy your lot, full of hopes you go to gather flowers for your princess in winter, and are grieved not to find any, and do not know why they cannot be found.—But as for *me*, I wander without hope, without design, and I return as I came.—To your disordered fancy it appears, that if the States General paid you, you should be a man of consequence and happy ; it is well for you that you can attribute your sufferings to any foreign power ; you do not know, you do not *feel*, that your wretchedness is in your agitated *heart*, in your disordered *brain*, and that all the kings and potentates on earth cannot restore you.”

I feel as those wretches have felt who were formerly supposed to be possessed of devils ; sometimes I am seized with strange starts and motions.—Wretch that I am ! then I ran and wander amidst the dark and gloomy scenes which this unfriendly season exhibits ; last night I felt thus constrained to go out of the town.—I had been told that the river and all the brooks in the neighbourhood had overflowed their banks, and that my favourite valley was under water.—I ran thither at past eleven o'clock.—It was a gloomy and awful night ; the moon was behind a cloud, but by means of a few scattered rays,

I could

I could perceive the foaming waves rolling over the fields and meadows, and beating against the bushes; the whole valley was a stormy sea tossed by furious winds; the moon then appeared again and rested on a dark cloud, the splendour of her light increased the disorder of nature; the echoes repeated and redoubled the roarings of the wind and the waters. I drew near to the precipice, I leaned over and sighed.—I looked sorrowfully down upon a little spot where I had sat under a willow after a summer's walk, that also was under water, I could hardly distinguish the tree. Alas! I then thought of the meadows, the fields round the hunting lodge, the walks, the green recesses, now perhaps laid waste by the torrent, and the memory of time for ever lost entered my heart.—Thus to the sleeping captive, dreams recall all the blessings he is deprived of.—I stopped—I am now like an old and wretched woman who picks dry sticks along the hedge-side, and begs bread from door to door to prolong for a few moments her miserable existence. Oh! my dear friend, when in the fine evenings of summer you walk towards the mountains, think of me, recollect the times you have so often seen me come up from the valley—raise your eyes to the church-yard which contains my grave, and by the light of the departing sun, see how the evening breeze waves the high grass which grows over me.—I was calm
when

when I began my letter, but the recollection of those scenes makes me cry like a child.

Let their death be without consolation who can laugh at the sick man who travels to distant springs only to find an accumulation of disease and a death more painful, or that can exult over the depressed mind, who to attain peace of conscience to alleviate his miseries, makes a pilgrimage to the holy land! every step which wrings his feet in unbeaten paths is a drop of balm to his soul, and each night brings new relief to his heart.—Oh! my God! thou seest my tears, thou hast given us a sufficient portion of misery, must we also have brethren that persecute us, that would deprive us of all consolation, and take away our trust in thee, in thy love and mercy? the vine which strengthens us, the root which heals us come from thy hand.—Relief and saving health are thine! O Father! thou who were wont to fill my soul, but thou hidest thy face from me—call me back—speak peace to my heart—in vain thy silence would delay a soul which thirsts after thee!—labour and pain—pleasure and reward all are alike indifferent to me.—I find happiness only in thy presence, and here let me remain whatever is my fate.

WERTER.

AGAINST DESPONDENCY.

REPINE not, man! when bitter grief affails,
'Tis Heaven's last effort when indulgence fails,
'Tis the last trial of the favoured soul,
Immortal joys succeed the bitter bowl.
Submit with patience then, and learn to know
The school of wisdom is the house of woe;
And Oh! remember that all gracious hand
Which gives the blow enables to withstand;
He who permits these transient ills to fall,
In his own sacred person bore them all.
Then, as through life our weary steps we bend,
Let us not sink when beating storms descend;
Still let Religion hold unrival'd sway,
And Patience walk companion of our way.
Ah! lose not sight of that delightful shore,
Whose blissful bowers shall friends to friends
 restore:
Though here misfortune comes to blast our will,
The Heavens are just—God is a Father still.

ADDRESS

A D D R E S S

A FRENCH CURATE

TO

THE CONVENTION.

A FEW days after the bishop of Paris and his vicars had set the example of renouncing their clerical character, a cure from a village on the banks of the Rhone, followed by some of his parishioners with an offering of gold and silver saints, chalices, rich vestments, &c. presented himself at the bar of the house. The sight of the gold put the Convention in a very good humour, and the cure, a thin venerable looking man, with grey hair, was ordered to speak. "I come," said he, "from my village, where the only good building standing (for the Chateau has been pulled down) is a very fine church:—my parishioners beg you will take it to make an hospital for the sick and wounded of both parties, they being both equally our countrymen; the gold and silver, part of which we have brought you, they entreat you will devote to the service of the state, and that you will cast

the bells into cannon to drive away its foreign invaders; for myself, I am come with great pleasure to resign my letters of ordination, of induction, and every deed and title by which I have been constituted a member of your ecclesiastical polity. Here are the papers, you may burn them if you please in the same fire with the genealogical tassels and patents of the nobility. I desire likewise that you will discontinue my salary. I am still able to support myself with the labour of my hands, and I beg you to believe that I never felt sincerer joy than I now do in making this renunciation.—I have longed to see this day—I see it and am glad.”

When the old man had done speaking, the applauses were immoderate, “You are an honest man,” said they all at once; “a brave fellow; you do not believe in *God*,” and the President advanced to give him the fraternal embrace. The Curé did not seem greatly elated with those tokens of approbation. He retired back a few steps, and thus resumed his discourse. “Before you applaud my sentiments, it is fit you should understand them; perhaps they may not coincide with your own. I rejoice in this day, not because I wish to see Religion degraded, but because I wish to see it exalted and purified. By dissolving its alliance with the state, you have given it dignity and independence. You have

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done it a piece of service which its well-wishers would perhaps never have had courage to render it, but which is the only thing wanted to make it appear in its genuine beauty and lustre.— Nobody will say of me when I am performing the offices of my religion, “It is his trade, he is paid for telling the people such and such things, he is hired to keep up an useful piece of mummery.” They cannot now say this, and therefore I feel myself raised in my own esteem, and shall speak to them with a confidence and frankness which before this I never durst venture to assume. We resign without reluctance our gold and silver images and embroidered vestments, because we have never found that looking upon gold and silver made the heart more pure or the affections more heavenly. We can also spare our churches, for the heart that wishes to lift itself up to God will never be at a loss for room to do it in; but we cannot spare our *Religion*, because, to tell you the truth, we never had so much occasion for it. I understand you accuse us priests of having told the people a great many falsehoods, I suspect this may have been the case; but till this day we have never been allowed to enquire whether the things we taught them were true or not. You required us formerly to receive them all without proof, and you now would have us reject them all without discrimination; neither of these modes
of

of conduct become philosophers such as you would be thought to be. I am going to employ myself diligently along with my parishioners to sift the wheat from the bran, the true from the false: if we are not successful, we shall be at least sincere. I do fear, indeed, that while I wore these vestments which we brought you, and spoke in that large gloomy building which we have given up to you, I told my poor flock a great many idle stories. I cannot but hope, however, that the errors we have fallen into have not been very material, since the village has, in general, been sober and good;—the peasants are honest, docile, and laborious—the husbands love their wives, and the wives their husbands, they are fortunately not too rich to be uncompassionate, and they have constantly relieved the sick and fugitive of all parties whenever it has lain in their way. I think, therefore, what I have taught cannot be so very much amiss. You want to extirpate priests, but will you hinder the ignorant for applying for instructions, the unhappy for comfort and hope, the unlearned from looking up to the learned? if you do not, you will have priests by whatever name you may order them to be called; but it is certainly not necessary that they should wear a particular dress, or be appointed by state letters of ordination. My letters of ordination are my zeal, my charity, my ardent love for my

dear children of the village;—if I were more learned I would add my knowledge, but alas! we all know very little, to man every error is pardonable but want of humility.

We have a public walk with a spreading elm-tree at one end of it, and a circle of green round it with a convenient bench. Here I shall draw together the children as they are playing around me. I shall point to the vines laden with fruit, to the orchards, to the herds of cattle lowing around us, to the distant hills stretching one behind another, and they will ask me how came all these things? I shall tell them all I know or have heard from wise men who have lived before me—they will be penetrated with love and veneration, they will kneel, I shall kneel with them, they will not be at my feet, but all of us at the feet of that good Being whom we shall worship together in spirit and in truth, and thus they will receive within their tender minds a Religion.—The old men will come sometimes from having deposited under the green sod one of their companions and place themselves by my side, they will look wistfully at the turf, and anxiously enquire—Is he gone for ever? shall we soon be like him? will no morning break over the tomb?—When the wicked cease from troubling, will the good cease from doing good? we will talk of these things, I will comfort them,
I will

I will tell them of the goodness of God, I will speak to them of a life to come; I will bid them hope for a state of retribution.—In a clear night when the stars slide over our heads, they will ask what those bright bodies are, and by what rules they rise and set!—and we will converse about different forms of being and distant worlds in the immensity of space, governed by the same laws, until we feel our minds raised from what is grovelling, and refined from what is sordid. You talk of Nature! this is nature: and if you could at this moment extinguish religion in the minds of all the world, thus would it be kindled again, and thus again excite the curiosity and interest the feelings of mankind. You have changed our holidays, and you have an undoubted right as our civil governors so to do; it is very immaterial whether they are kept once in seven days or once in ten; some, however, you will leave us, and when they occur, I shall tell those who choose to hear me of the beauty and utility of virtue, of the dignity of right conduct. We shall talk of good men who have lived in the world, and of the doctrines they taught, and if any of them have been persecuted and put to death for their virtue, we shall reverence their virtues, we shall reverence their memories the more. I hope in all this there is no harm.

There

There is a book, out of which I have sometimes taught my people; it says, we are to love those who do us harm, and to pour oil and wine into the wounds of the stranger. It has enabled my children to bear patiently the spoiling of their goods, and to give up their own interest for the general welfare. I think it cannot be a bad book—I wish more of it had been read in your town, perhaps you would not have had quite so many assassinations and massacres. In this book we read of a person called *Jesus*; some worship him as a God; others, as I am told, say it is wrong to do so:—Some teach, that he existed before the beginning of ages; others, that he was born of Joseph and Mary. I cannot tell whether these controversies will ever be decided; but in the mean time I think we cannot do otherwise than well in imitating him—for I learn that he was a miracle of perfection, that he loved the poor, and went about doing good.

Fellow citizens, as I travelled hither from my own village, I saw peasants sitting amongst the smoking ruins of their cottages; rich men and women reduced to deplorable poverty; fathers lamenting their children in the bloom and pride of youth; and I said to myself, “These people cannot afford to part with their religion. But indeed you cannot take it away; if contrary

trary to your first declaration, you choose to try the experiment of persecuting it, you will only make us prize it more and love it better. Religion, true or false, is so necessary to the mind of man, that even you have already begun to make yourselves a new one. You are sowing the seeds of superstition at the moment you fancy you are destroying superstition, and in two or three generations your posterity will be worshipping some clumsy idol, with the rites, perhaps, of a bloody Moloch or a lascivious Thamufur.—It was not worth while to have been Philosophers and destroyed the images of Saints for this, but let every one choose the religion that pleases him: I and my parishioners are content with ours, it teaches us to bear the evils your childish or sanguinary decrees have helped to bring upon the country.”

—The curé turned his footsteps homeward, and the Convention looked for some minutes on one another with surprize, before they resumed their work of blood.

A.

ON

VARIETY.

ON THE

DEATH OF MR. HOWARD.

HOWARD! thy task is done—thy master
calls,
And summons thee from Cherlon's distant walls;
"Come, well approved, my faithful servant,
"come,
"No more a wanderer, seek thy destined home.
"Long have I marked thee with o'er-ruling eye,
"And sent admiring angels from on high,
"To walk the paths of danger by thy side,
"From death to shield thee, and from snares to
"guide.
"Thy minister of good! I've sped thy way,
"And shot thro' dungeon glooms a leading ray,
"To sooth by thee with kind unhop'd relief,
"My creatures lost and whelm'd in guilt and
"grief.
"I've led thee ardent on thro' wandering climes
"To combat human woes and human crimes;
"But 'tis enough—thy great commission o'er,
"I prove thy faith, thy zeal, thy love no more.
"Nor droop, that far from country, kindred,
"friends,
"Thy life to duty long-devoted ends;
"What boots it where the high reward is given,
"Or whence the soul triumphant springs to
"Heaven."

DOCTOR AIKIN.

